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The *Literary World* was removed on the 15th inst. to its new and commodious offices, 109 Nassau street, where all Communications, Letters, &c., must be hereafter addressed.

* Subscriptions received at ADELANCE, SHERMAN & Co.'s, Astor House, Broadway.

THE "EVANGELIST" AND THE "LITERARY WORLD."

A FEW weeks ago we had occasion to notice in the *Literary World* a book bearing the imprint of the Messrs. Harper and the author's name of Rev. Henry T. Cheever. It was a duodecimo volume bound in black cloth, containing within, in the scope of some four hundred pages, a miscellaneous account of the Sandwich Islands and some other limited observations on the Pacific. There was very little originality in its matter. Its style was bald and crude, evidently the work of an unpractised hand. We had no prejudice against the book or any desire but to find it useful and entertaining, and to write a fair and straightforward article on it whatever it might prove. This we did with no discourtesy to the author, and with considerable painstaking we selected some liberal passages for extract—the longest of which we perceive copied by a religious newspaper from the *Literary World*. The fullest justice, we conceive, was done to the author.

In the *Evangelist*, however, of the 13th inst., a newspaper with which we have always understood the Rev. Dr. Cheever to be associated, we are gravely arraigned, and on the score of the irreligious tendencies or teachings of this journal! It is a grave charge, from a grave quarter and a grave man. These are the words from among a whole column of others:

"Seriously, these impertinent and irreligious forth-puttings of criticism, or what is deemed such, in the *Literary World*, arrogating the banishment from polite literature of 'pious feeling and emotion,' plainly expressed, as involving topics and a style averse from what is considered good usage, should be sufficient, if they indicate the principles of the editor, and the course he intends to take, to secure the banishment of that journal from the patronage of every lover of piety. If writing for what is called the religious public is to secure the exclusion of an author's book from *polite literature*, in the estimation of this journal, the religious public at least will be pretty sure to dispense with the *Literary World*."

To what does all this allude? To the following passage in the course of our article—in which, by the way, ample reservation is made for a good principle:—

"When we have said that Mr. Cheever, writing for what is called the *religious public*, introduces

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topics and employs a style averse from what is generally considered the usage of polite literature, we have made an end of our reluctant objections to his volume. Not that in the latter case we complain of a writer treating of his pious feelings and emotions, but that the taste of the world professing having these things rather felt than seen in a man's writings."—*Lit. World*, Jan. 25, page 66.

The chief passage which elicited this remark we did not give. We give it now. It occurs in a notice of a visit to the Falkland Islands:—

"It was good to be again by one's self. Christ's closet was once the mountain, and here, where prayer, perhaps, was never before made, it was a privilege to pour out the heart's pent-up emotions, which flow more readily in the channel of articulate expression than when limited to an internal utterance which God only can know. Home, friends, health, Christian firmness, and the wisdom that is from above, and, more than all, spiritual renovation and healing for companions of the voyage, were the subjects of that prayer. May it be presented with Christ's prevalent intercession before the mercy-seat on high! A surprise by some of our rambles interrupted a communion that, short as it was, shall make that rugged island more verdant in memory than the gardens of the Hesperides. One short half hour in which the soul lives and has intercourse with its Maker is worth more than years in which everything is enjoyed but God. It was after such happy experience that the gentle Cowper wrote those lines:

'There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.'

As we read this we thought it had better have remained unpublished; for of the secret meditations of Christianity, and of prayers to God, we suppose much of the fragrance to be lost when they are seen or heard of men. We have read "*But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret.*" We are not commanded to throw open the doors or publish our prayers in a book, with cheap engravings, got up to sell to the religious public.

Now we do not hold to the disunion of religion and life. We think the most dangerous thing in the world for true religion is their separation. The gospel was sent to all men, and for all things. It is to be preached not only to all the world, but it is to extend in its pervading influence over the whole life. It is not for Sunday alone, or for fast days, or for religious newspapers solely. A glance over our columns would have assured the writer of this. We refer him to the following articles during the present editorship: *Literary World*, No. 1, Madame George Sand; No. 4, President Woolsey's Discourse at Yale; No. 5, Bishop Jeremy Taylor. In No. 88, when we resumed the work, Manning's Sermons, in which this passage occurs:—"Why should divinity be so little regarded in literature? The world and the church might safely be put in opposition, in a just and final calculation (they undoubtedly are so in many respects), were there not two elements common to them both—the heart of man. No mere worldly success can satisfy the wants of that; recourse must be had to a higher influence. Christianity must mingle

with the affairs of the world to satisfy the mere human conditions of prosperity; for man in the world or the church has a soul to be satisfied. Hence all things, including the least, are useful for the purposes of this life, as they contain provision for this want. Especially are literature and art to be supplied from this heavenly fountain, for these are particularly dedicated to the culture of the soul. As, in the argument of St. Paul, the Christian is to be regarded as most miserable if his hope should end with earth, and that it were better to eat and drink in mere sensuality than experience the torture a knowledge of unattainable and yet desired felicity would bring; so, in the lesser teachings of poetry and philosophy—if they do not tend heavenward, better were it for the readers to be turned into Circe's swine than vexed with knowledge which only teaches the art of misery. In poetry especially, the religious element is indispensable. Hence some critics have, we think, been very ill judged, in limiting the use of the term sacred, applied to poetry, to the professed treatment of religious subjects—in which they have done an equal injury to poetry and religion—producing, as a result, lifeless, didactic hymn books, and odes without sanctity or elevation. Christianity should constantly infuse life into literature."

To this text we have been constant, and we may further refer to the papers on Watts's Divine Songs for Children, No. 92; The Life of Cowper the Poet, No. 94; Leonard Bacon's Christianity in History, No. 100; Dr. Chalmers, No. 104, 162; Lamartine's Raphael, No. 109; and at other times, whenever occasion called for the topic, and it could be presented with force and dignity. We make no allusion to such contributions to the journal as those of Prof. Tayler Lewis on the "Religion of Christianity," "Christianity Improved," and the articles of several other constant valued clerical contributors; but we speak of editorial matter, written by the same hand which wrote of Mr. Cheever's "World of the Pacific,"—of matter which enters into the very texture of our paper.

These certainly express fully enough our opinions. Can the writer of the virulent attacks in the *Evangelist* read these and say, as he does, that "the *Literary World* arrogates the banishment from polite literature of pious feeling and emotion?" If he has not read them, he has made a gross and injurious charge at random, in ignorance, and must stand convicted of calumny.

We are not ashamed of our principles, but we have them not for sale. We write not for the religious world exclusively, but for as large a portion of the whole world as will read us.

The second paragraph in the *Evangelist* seems to call for explanation. It is this:—

"And yet we remember to have seen a paper going about begging subscriptions for this same *Literary World*, appealing to this same religious public, by means of the names of we know not how many clergymen, whose signatures the religious public might take for granted (according to an idiom deemed somewhat prosaic by the critic), guaranteed a decent respect for religious writings."

This alludes to an agency of this paper, in the hands, by the way, of a friend of the Rev. Dr. Cheever, who procured his signature to a brief recommendation of the *Literary World*, signed by four or five persons, who gave their evidence, to those unacquainted with the work, of what was generally to be found in it. The mission, we regret to say, notwithstanding the influence of the Rev. Dr. Cheever with the religious public, was profitless. Nor did we beg subscriptions. This is another example of the charity and courtesy of this advocate of pious emotions, in the columns of a religious newspaper. Were this said of us by a paper in the ranks of the world, we should know how to characterize it; but we know not what to call it in the "*Evangelist*." O unknown censurer of our journal, it is not the habit of the *Literary World* to send around the plate or the hat, or beg anything.

Another charge succeeds:—

"Nor is this the only occasion on which such impertinence of irreligious criticism has been manifested. We remember a vain and insolent attack upon Lieutenant Lynch's work concerning the Dead Sea, in which the critic took the author to task for expressing his sentiments with freedom in regard to the irreligion and shallowness of infidelity and infidels, in their assaults against the Scriptures. The *Literary World* had spoken, and infidels were no more to be treated with such disrespect. The *Literary World* had declared Lieutenant Lynch's work offensive to *polite literature*, and Lieutenant Lynch himself guilty of bigotry, for letting his reverence of the Bible, and his dislike of infidelity, be plainly seen as well as felt in his valuable Book of Travels."

This is new to us. An article did appear on this topic in the *Literary World*, but it was written in no hostile spirit; it contained sufficient proof of its positions, and asked only that fair play and independence which every true scholar cheerfully allows to every other.* On one or two points Lt. Lynch, for whom we have always entertained respect, replied in the columns of our paper—which assuredly he would not have done had he thought us foes to his Christian faith. This charge is simply ridiculous and untrue. But it is pleasant to see the contributor to the *Evangelist* even for a moment, under any circumstances, joining hands with a pious Roman Catholic.

The whole article in the *Evangelist* is evidently intended to be a retaliatory, annoying attack—the answer to a whole article of fair criticism, by picking out a supposed weak spot upon which to direct the force, supposed to be at the command of the contributor to the *Evangelist*, of the religious public.

It has been said that the religious press is a nuisance. We do not say so; but we do say that when it is used as a cover for the attacks of misrepresentation and malice, and makes up a false issue for the public, it is sowing in that public the seeds of infidelity towards a system it professes to serve.

The author of the "*World in the Pacific*," with probably small education and a little random knocking about the world, writes an indifferent book—meagre in information, poor in style. We said so, not discourteously, and for all this a passage is twisted into an attack upon religion, and we are threatened with the withdrawal of the support of the religious public. Is the admirer of Cheever Pope? Is

* All that was said, in any way connected with this matter, may be found on page 553, vol. iv. of the *Literary World*, and any one who takes the pains to look at that reference, may see how utterly innocent it is of any infidelity—and how wantonly and falsely it is misrepresented in the *Evangelist*.

he to anathematize our list? Is there to be no communication with us during his interdict? Are we to stop receiving three dollars per annum till we praise the indifferent books of the family?

AN ORIGINAL JAPANESE NOVEL.

THE SIX FOLDING SCREENS OF LIFE.

Now first translated into English by WORTHINGTON G. BRETHEN, of Washington, D. C.

(Continued from the last number.)

WHEN two persons predestined by nature for each other, pledge themselves to enter into the holy bands of matrimony, their sacred pledge will only be strengthened by time, and signalized by continually new devotions for each other. Thus it was with Sakitsi and Komatsu. The treble-threaded Moon-flower, from which he took his new name, had bloomed in all its glory. The past year was to him a deep sleep, but the spring came, and it brought to him Komatsu. However, his former companions ridiculed his devotion to Komatsu, and deserted him. From day to day he arose with the song of the birds, and went about with her from place to place in a double sedan-chair, taking no pleasure in anything but each other's society. Sakitsi poured out his money like water, became the talk of the town for his extravagance, and soon obtained notoriety as the penniless and love-stricken youth of Tosei.* When these things came to the knowledge of his mother, Miosan, she was so much distressed that she resolved upon the extreme measure of placing Sakitsi under arrest, and shutting him up in a chamber of her house, with a view of giving him time to reflect upon his course of life, and of inducing him to abandon it. At his secret request, Tsikusai sent him, in a flower-vase, the many love-letters which Komatsu had written him, and they proved to be a great source of gratification to him. In his retirement and leisure he would take them out of his flower-vase, and console his heart by reading them again and again. He was looking through them one day, for the hundredth time, when the mother Miosan entered the room.

"I believe, Sakitsi, that I cannot see any further into the future,—but I am unable to read this. See whether this is a lucky day or not."

With these words she handed him an almanac. He opened it; and as he held it up before him, as though he were looking for a particular place, he hid in his bosom the letter which he was reading when his mother came in.

He then read, in a loud voice, from the almanac:—

"This day a Constellation has broken away from heaven, and has gone to its own place; but, notwithstanding this, it will be a long time before there will be an intercalary day, though ten hours towards it will hereafter be incorporated into the almanac. If a man has money—four or five hundred taels in hand—he should keep it—for his wife—and in this way it could be done, quite easily! You have heard that the affairs of the house have not been properly arranged, but I have determined to get out of the way, as soon as possible, before the dreadful day of blood!"

When the astonished mother heard these broken, unintelligible phrases, she exclaimed:—

"Oh! Sakitsi! what did we tell you from the first? The bad repute into which you have fallen of late, on account of your

* The District to which Naniwa belongs.

wicked indulgences, is all owing to your not heeding the first admonitions against them, that were given you at home. During the past year you have acquired new habits. Had you entertained your friends in some quiet part of the city, even twice or thrice a month, it might not have been condemned by me. But this is not all. Of late, you have fallen in love. Have a care on this point, that you travel not too fast! If we give a child too many sweet things to eat we make it stupid, and the laughing-stock of every one who sees it. So if, to restore ourselves to health, we multiply our pleasures to excess, there will be no difficulty in acquiring a claim to stupidity as high as a mountain. Alas! I fear your father was right when he told me he feared you were not perfectly sound in mind."

While thus lecturing her son, in a low and earnest tone of voice, a woman opened the door leading from the little hall.

"Excuse me for a moment, I pray you," said the intruder. "I am a sorceress from the street of the Heavenly King's Cloister, and my name is Kuroga-usi-tzusi. Is Sakitsi, the rice merchant, at home? One of his attendants came to me to be informed of the proper mode of burning the bamboo leaf."

"Yes, Sakitsi is here," replied Miosan, with an incredulous look. "That is he, but he seems to me to be singularly employed in sending for a sorceress."

Sakitsi hurried towards his mother.

"This is something, mother," said he, "that you do not understand. But listen, and I will explain it to you. I did send one of my attendants to yon sorceress, though I kept it a secret from you. I wish to take the necessary steps to change my way of life, and to enter upon a new and a higher career. The state of my health does not improve, and my business is at a stand: and though during the winter I was somewhat better, yet my recent confinement to the house has thrown me very much back. For these reasons I wish to burn some bamboo leaves, which I gathered myself, in order to ascertain whether there be not a fairy in the play. Sorceress, come hither! Will you have the goodness to go to the temple and pray to Buddha to put an end to my troubles?"

When the mother heard this, she shook her head.

"I am by nature easily moved to tears. The grave of my husband is my constant resort, and I know no other society but his. And yet, in my affliction, a sorceress presumes to stand in my presence, and you put your confidence in her! Is it in you, Sakitsi, that I am compelled to witness such conduct! Alas! these are wicked, wicked thoughts! If she had not been sent for especially, I would drive her from my presence instantly; but I trust that she will never dare come here again. In the meantime finish your interview with her, but do not converse in a loud voice, and I myself will go and pray to Buddha in the adjoining apartment."

Here she went into a side chapel in the interior of the house.

Sakitsi, after she was gone, arose.

"Wofana, your coming here is very fortunate at this juncture."

"It is. Tsikusai told me, that when I came to see you I must disguise myself, or I would not be able to get access to you. But to my business. In consequence of the misfortune that has just befallen us, it became necessary for me to see you without delay, and I resorted to this disguise. While offering my excuse for intruding upon your mother, when I first

came in the room, a cold sweat stood upon my brow!"

"You can always get access to me in this disguise, but had you come in any other your interview would have been a very brief one; for my mother has a great horror of the smell of cucumbers, which, I perceive, you have in your pocket for the purpose of conjuring. When she remarked this, she took you for a real sorceress; and hence her flight into yonder secluded chamber, where she can indulge in her pious meditations without being disturbed by our conversation. But tell me what this means. In a letter I received yesterday from Komatsu, she writes in great haste, and as though she were familiarly conversing with me. She says, 'I have something to say to you right away.' Tell me what this means, for I cannot make it out."

Wofana answered, with tears in her eyes, "There is a little matter which I have hitherto kept secret from you. You must know that Misawo, whom, particularly in the presence of others, I call Komatsu, is in reality the daughter of my elder sister. I have not told you this before. We are, in truth, aunt and niece. My sister's husband resides in Kamakura. He was intrusted with the care of a hawk belonging to his superior lord, but not setting sufficient store by it, in an unfortunate moment he let it escape. In consequence of this transgression he was dismissed from his post in the army. Not in very affluent circumstances before, I then fled, with a person who served in his family, and with whom I had contracted marriage, to the province of Jamato. At the desire of my husband, Tofei, I communicated by letter with my sister from time to time. I was overwhelmed with grief at the intelligence of her husband's disgrace, and found no relief but in tears. In the midst of my trouble she determined in her extremity to apply to me for assistance. After making the necessary arrangements, she sent to me in Jamato, under the care of a trusty servant, our Komatsu or Misawo, who was just then entering upon her fifteenth year. This maiden, without a murmur, shared our poverty; while Tofei earned a scant subsistence for mother and child in the daily toil of a sedan-chair carrier; but when she saw my mother-in-law confined to her bed by a wearisome malady, that resulted in the loss of her eye-sight, she could not bear it any longer. She betook herself to the temple of Nanjen, with my daughter Kojosi, and actually kept us from starving by the alms she daily procured."

She wept as she told these things.

"Is that young girl who accompanied Misawo in her charity-seeking rounds," asked the astounded Sakitsi, "the same Kojosi who has acquired so much distinction by her aptness in learning? I thought that her name was always Kojosi; but she has grown so rapidly in a few years, that I did not know her any longer. But go on; I would hear more of this extraordinary story."

"If I had not gone back to the beginning of these events," continued Wofana, "you would not have understood the precise position of parties. While we had no idea, at the time, that she was thus engaged in alms-seeking, she suddenly sold herself, without saying a word about it to us, for one hundred taels, to the Harbor Inn of Tokuwaka, here in Simano Utsi. This money, accompanied by a letter, which she left behind her, came to light by the accidental overturning of Kojosi's dressing-case with the carved dog upon it, in which Misawo had concealed the package. The family was thrown into consternation, and

Tofei was almost beside himself, not only on account of the illness of his mother, but more particularly because the niece of his wife had been reduced to servitude, without his consent or knowledge. I quieted him with great difficulty; but when we went to the inn of Tokuwaka and saw her, we were overwhelmed with shame. 'Oh! my dear aunt,' said she, 'what I have done is all right. As my honored parents were not near to command my services, I could not do less than assist you. Under the afflicting circumstances in which I found myself placed, I said nothing. My aunt was only half a mother to me, and I considered that my actions could not be of a controlling interest to her. What I have done is nothing more than the performance of that duty to my sex which a faithful and a tender mother taught me to do.' I can never forget the expression of face with which she uttered these words, nor the big tears which rolled down her cheeks. Such candor endeared her more than ever to me, and even convinced Tofei that she was right. The money she gave us supported our family, and furnished the means to buy the medicaments by which our mother-in-law's eyes were restored to sight. With what was left of the amount we took up our present residence near the bridge of the Field of Plums, and purchased the Ship's Inn upon the river of Jamakara. Were I called upon to state to what we owe our present success in life, I should undoubtedly answer, to the far-seeing care of this maiden. In memory of Komatsu's goodness we set a high value upon the dressing-case with the carved dog upon it, which you have so often seen. As to my mother-in-law, she has gone back to reside in her old home, and it has been a source of great regret to me that she persists in remaining in Jamato, though I continue to urge her to come to Naniwa."

"Thus far," continued Wofana, "I have only told you of her having humbled herself to become a servant in an Inn, but when I come to tell you that she owes another, though a higher service, you will, I am sure, be overwhelmed with new affliction that will sorely test your powers of endurance. I have kept from you hitherto a still more important secret—the history of what has taken place over in the province. Komatsu's father, the husband of my elder sister, has been received in favor again by his superior lord, and, in consequence, he has been restored to his former position and rank in the army, as General-in-chief, with all the emoluments of his office. The foster-brother of this maiden, a youth by the name of Jukimuro Riusuke, who was brought up with her until he was five years old, has just arrived with instructions to discharge her from the obligation of the Inn service into which she had entered, and to carry her home to Kamakura, where she is betrothed to some one. I went with this plain-spoken soldier to the river Adzikawa, and showed him the house in which Misawo served. He did not understand the true state of affairs at all, and as I could not bear the idea of forcing her into his company that day, I explained to him in detail the real position of things. But he persisted in his purpose; and having succeeded in obtaining the consent of her master, he paid down the required amount, and discharged her from service. But notwithstanding this, Tofei could not persuade her to even think of returning to the province. She shut herself up with me, and abandoned herself to tears and lamentations. 'Even though I should consent to go back to the province,' said she, 'to look once more upon the face of my long absent parents, who are now almost strangers to me, yet I will

rather die than break my troth with Sakitsi and become the wife of another.' I was always solicitous that she might regain her liberty through us, and not through the instrumentality of another; for we are bound in honor to discharge this debt. But so it is: we have been involved in great embarrassment by the turn which events have taken in mixing up a relative of the old General's in the affair. Komatsu has assured me that while I resided in Jamato I had a negotiation with you upon this very subject of procuring the means with which to purchase her liberty, without my knowing it was you. You have now seen with your own eyes her unchangeable resolution, her modest determination to make no one else her husband but you, and that, too, against all and every opposition, let it come from what quarter it may. Fortunately, Komatsu intends this evening to visit the neighboring house of Utakawa, where a distinguished guest is expected. I hope you will make it convenient to be there, that you may open your hearts to each other fully and freely."

These things were said in an under tone of voice. Sakitsi, when he heard them, answered in the most dejected manner.

"If such be the state of things, there is nothing more to hope for; but hold!—though my mother has rebuked me to-day, for the first time in her life, yet I will go. You may look for me without fail. In the house of Utakawa there stand to my credit from forty to fifty taels. I will draw this amount in the present emergency. It is time now for you to depart."

"The moment the sun goes down be there."

"Rely upon me," answered Sakitsi.

He conducted Wofana to the door, changed his dress, and, adjusting his girdle, drew it about him. The mother, Miosan, came out of her chamber.

"What does the sorceress say? Tell me."

"She says this"—

"You have no cause to be so cast down," said Miosan, interrupting him. "I know it all without your telling me. The evil principle in your heart has been waked up through the influence of a fairy named Komatsu, and you, I grieve to say it, who once were a person of some note, who once devoted yourself to the manly exercise of archery, have abandoned yourself to sensual pleasures, reclining on cushions of the double-leaf bamboo. You shower your treasures upon an unworthy object, and your name will be in everybody's mouth and upon every sign-board where the sedan-chair carriers congregate. I would as soon think, however, of advising a fan not to throw a shadow in the sunshine, as to expect you to follow my counsel. You do not seem to realize the difference between a square board and a round one,—between virtue and vice! I had hoped that a brief seclusion from the world would have opened your eyes to a sense of your true position; but, contrary to my expectation, the disease has returned upon you with additional force. It pains me more than I can express to see you, at this time, turn to such things; but the leaf cannot expect to escape the falling dew of a summer eve. Your career is like that of a wagon upon the sea, or a ship upon a mountain. Your condition needs a thousand prayers and self-mortifications if you would escape from certain ruin."

As she thus spoke, she suddenly drew from her sleeve a packet with a hundred taels in it, and threw it towards him. Sakitsi seized it. It seemed to him to be a dream. She stood with her face averted.

"You have my consent," she continued,

"Keep your promised interview with the sorceress to-night; but to-morrow, early in the morning, before the shops are opened, I desire that you may be at home again. You can sleep late, and I will not disturb you."

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE.

LEAGUE OF THE IROQUOIS.*

A MELANCHOLY pleasure belongs to our position in a new continent, in watching the mist which has mantled and darkened the Indian Race, gradually clearing away, and disclosing many admirable traits of history and character; while, as the shroud departs, the Indian himself fades away with it. To this clearer knowledge Mr. Morgan's volume attempts to contribute, in encouraging a kinder feeling towards the Indian people, founded upon a truer acquaintance with their civil and domestic institutions. In vindication of the dignity of his undertaking, the author asserts that of the "Indian nations, whose ancient seats were within the limits of our republic, the Iroquois have long continued to occupy the most conspicuous position. They achieved for themselves a more remarkable civil organization, and acquired a higher degree of influence, than any other race of Indian lineage, except those of Mexico and Peru. In the drama of European colonization, they stood, for nearly two centuries, with an unshaken front, against the devastations of war, the blighting influence of foreign intercourse, and the still more fatal encroachments of a restless and advancing border population. Under their federal system, the Iroquois flourished in independence, and capable of self-protection, long after the New England and Virginia races had surrendered their jurisdictions, and fallen into the condition of dependent nations; and they now stand forth upon the canvas of Indian history, prominent alike for the wisdom of their civil institutions, their sagacity in the administration of the League, and their courage in its defence. When their power and sovereignty finally passed away, it was through the events of peaceful intercourse, gradually progressing to this result, rather than from conquest or forcible subjugation. They fell under the giant embrace of civilization, victims of the successful warfare of intelligent and social life upon the rugged obstacles of nature; and in a struggle which they were fated to witness as passive and silent spectators."

In pursuance of his general design, the author proceeds to furnish an outline of the rise, progress, and decline of the League: of their intercourse with Europeans: wars with Indian nations, and with the French: the Jesuit missionaries: with an account of their relations to the English: their numbers: the dispersion of the nations: with speculations on their present condition and future prospects.

The succeeding chapters are employed in presenting, in a clear style and with a genuine enthusiasm for the subject, the home country of the Iroquois, with its boundaries: their civil and military polity: arrangement and discipline of the tribes: their councils, civil and religious; their festivals and oratory.

The second book will, we fancy, attract the chief attention, and acquire for the author most favor with his readers: devoted as it is to that wide field of legend, mythology, and faith,

which, when faithfully explored, exhibits the Red Man in the most original and engaging character: ranging through the spirit-land, with all its fears, customs, observances: and most important, and not the least curious, their beliefs in reference to the immortality of the soul, and its future place of abiding: of which the reader has a singular illustration in the honors assigned to our own great "Town Destroyer." "Among the modern beliefs engrafted upon the ancient faith, there is one which is worthy of particular notice. It relates to Washington. According to their present belief, no white man ever reached the Indian heaven. Not having been created by the Great Spirit, no provision was made for him in their scheme of theology. He was excluded both from heaven and from the place of punishment. But an exception was made in favor of Washington. Because of his justice and benevolence to the Indian, he stood pre-eminent above all other white men. When, by the peace of 1783, the Indians were abandoned by their English allies, and left to make their own terms with the American government, the Iroquois were more exposed to severe measures than the other tribes in their alliance. At this critical moment, Washington interfered in their behalf, as the protector of Indian rights, and the advocate of a policy towards them of the most enlightened justice and humanity. After his death, he was mourned by the Iroquois as a benefactor of their race, and his memory was cherished with reverence and affection. A belief was spread abroad among them, that the Great Spirit had received him into a celestial residence upon the plains of heaven, the only white man whose noble deeds had entitled him to this heavenly favor. Just by the entrance of heaven is a walled inclosure, the ample grounds within which are laid out with avenues and shaded walks. Within is a spacious mansion, constructed in the fashion of a fort. Every object in nature which could please a cultivated taste had been gathered in this blooming Eden, to render it a delightful dwelling-place for the immortal Washington. The faithful Indian, as he enters heaven, passes this inclosure. He sees and recognises the illustrious inmate, as he walks to and fro in quiet meditation. But no word ever passes his lips. Dressed in his uniform, and in a state of perfect felicity, he is destined to remain through eternity in the solitary enjoyment of the celestial residence prepared for him by the Great Spirit."

Answering to the religious usages, we have the favorite pastime of the dance: in forms and varieties which it will puzzle modern masters of ceremony, with their Redowas, Polkas, Schottisches, and all the other changes rung on monotonous attitudes, to rival with any chance of success. There is the great War Dance, the Feather Dance, the Trotting Dance, the Fish Dance, and (something for Der Freischütz at the height of its horrors) the fearful Dance of the Dead. In a higher glow of activity, Mr. Morgan continues to entertain us with the national games: the Ball Game, the Game of Javelins, of Deer Buttons, the Snow-Snake Game, and the Peach Stone Game. There is something appetizing in the very recital of their names.

The third book of the "Ho-de-no-sau-nee" develops a further interest in various matters incident to the League, demonstrating the artisan intellect of the Iroquois—their pottery, moccasin, rope-making, bark canoes, corn mortars, baskets, and baby-jumpers: concluding with an account of the language and idioms: and exposition of their future destiny,

as affected by schools, civilization, and Christianity. Altogether, with its clear style of narration, its well engraved illustrations of Indian fabrics and figures, and its comprehensive map, Mr. Morgan has made a substantial addition to our Indian literature, which will always preserve and suggest his name as one of the few who possessed the masonic key to the true appreciation of the mysterious and much-misrepresented Red Man.

LAVENTRO.*

AN extraordinary book by an extraordinary man, will be the sentence which will escape the lips of most readers upon laying down, in a state of excited, breathless suspense, this volume of Lavengro. It is the autobiography, shadowed forth more or less vaguely or directly, of George Borrow, the Gipsy adventurer, the distributor of the Sacred Scriptures, the vivid narrator, and, withal, the most irrefragable Englishman of the—Bible in Spain. It is a curious record of a life, certainly remarkable in incident, but, perhaps, equally as remarkable for the direct, intense perception of ordinary things which may happen to many men, but to few of whom is given an unsealed vision to perceive, or the miraculous art—seemingly a simple one—of presenting them in the unrefracting medium of a clear, manly, forthright style. To George Borrow the whole world is vital. Everyday events come from him with the air of romance. The streets through which you walk in his pages have a firmer outline than in other men's books, and a clearer perspective; as for the men you meet with, you see them in intense life and individuality—yet the portraits are painted by a few strokes of the pencil. It is a word and a blow throughout.

There has been no such book the past season, nor is it likely there will be for many seasons to come. We shall not detain the reader long from the proof of this; the rather, that by the courtesy of the publisher, Mr. Putnam, who pays a copyright to the English proprietors, we are enabled to handle the sheets of the book in advance of its publication. To the book then!

George Borrow proves, then, on the first page of his autobiography to have been, as most men prove, the child of two parents, a father and mother. He boasts his gentle ancestry. His father a Cornish man, and in the army, and in the threatened invasion from France, became one of the Duke of York's Captains of Militia—and a vigorous one at that. His mother—but that portrait must be given in his own words. It will make the reader, if there is any feeling left in his soul, once and for ever the friend of George Borrow.

MY MOTHER.

"Yet even at the present day, now that years threescore and ten have passed over her head, attended with sorrow and troubles manifold, poorly chequered with scanty joys, can I look on that countenance and doubt that at one time beauty decked it as with a glorious garment! Hail to thee, my parent! as thou sittest there, in thy widow's weeds, in the dusky parlor in the house overgrown with the lustrous ivy of the sister isle, the solitary house at the end of the retired court shaded by lofty poplars. Hail to thee, dame of the oval face, olive complexion, and Grecian forehead; by thy table seated with the mighty volume of the good Bishop Hopkins spread out before thee; there is peace in thy countenance, my mother; it is not worldly peace, however, not the deceitful peace which lulls to bewitching slumbers,

* League of the Ho-de-no-sau-nee, or the Iroquois. By Lewis H. Morgan. Corresponding Member of the New York Historical Society; of the American Ethnological Society, etc. Rochester: Sage & Brother, Publishers—New York: H. Newman & Co.

* Lavengro; the Scholar, the Gipsy, and the Priest. By George Borrow, author of the "Bible in Spain," &c. Putnam.

and from which, let us pray, humbly pray, that every sinner may be roused in time to implore mercy not in vain! Thine is the peace of the righteous, my mother, of those to whom no sin can be imputed, the score of whose misdeeds has been long since washed away by the blood of atonement, which imputeth righteousness to those who trust in it. It was not always thus, my mother; a time was, when the cares, pomps, and vanities of this world agitated thee too much; but that time is gone by, another and a better has succeeded; there is peace now on thy countenance, the true peace; peace around thee, too, in thy solitary dwelling, sounds of peace, the cheerful hum of the kettle and the purring of the immense angola, which stares up at thee from its settle with its almost human eyes.

"No more earthly cares and affections now, my mother! Yes, one. Why dost thou suddenly raise thy dark and still brilliant eye from the volume with a somewhat startled glance? What noise is that in the distant street! Merely the noise of a hoof; a sound common enough: it draws nearer, nearer, and now it stops before thy gate. Singular! And now there is a pause, a long pause. Ha! thou hearest something—a footstep; a swift but heavy footstep! thou risest, thou tremblest, there is a hand on the pin of the outer door, there is some one in the vestibule, and now the door of thy apartment opens, there is a reflection on the mirror behind thee, a travelling hat, a grey head and a sunburnt face. My dearest Son! My darling Mother!

"Yes, mother, thou didst recognise in the distant street the hoof-tramp of the wanderer's horse."

The wanderer, so characteristically presented, is himself; and his wanderings began early with the migratory camp equipage of his father from one English town to another; from the Tweed to Edinburgh—where the future linguist was indoctrinated at the High School; to Ireland, where he learnt horse sorcery from the natives. But we are getting on too fast.

It should be a comfort to the mothers of supposed dull children that our distinguished philologist, George Borrow, the polyglot of missionaries—he got his name, LAVENGRO, from his gipsy friends—it means WORD-MASTER—was accounted a very sluggish child at his letters. While his elder brother mastered the alphabet in a lesson and devoured the tree of knowledge, George pecked feebly at the outer bark. A Jew adventure at this time re-assured his mother. The story in the author's vivid way is curious—and a prelude to a people with whom the man was to have much to do.

THE JEW.

"There was, however, one individual who, in the days of my childhood, was disposed to form a favorable opinion of me. One day, a Jew—I have quite forgotten the circumstance, but I was long subsequently informed of it—one day a travelling Jew knocked at the door of a farm-house in which we had taken apartments; I was near at hand sitting in the bright sunshine, drawing strange lines on the dust with my fingers, an ape and dog were my companions; the Jew looked at me and asked me some questions, to which, though I was quite able to speak, I returned no answer. On the door being opened, the Jew, after a few words probably relating to pedlery, demanded who the child was, sitting in the sun; the maid replied that I was her mistress's youngest son, a child weak here, pointing to her forehead. The Jew looked at me again, and then said: 'Pon my conscience, my dear, I believe that you must be troubled there yourself to tell me any such thing. It is not my habit to speak to children, inasmuch as I hate them, because they often follow me and fling stones after me; but I no sooner looked at that child than I was forced to speak to it—his

not answering me shows his sense, for it has never been the custom of the wise to fling away their words in indifferent talk and conversation; the child is a sweet child, and has all the look of one of our people's children. Fool, indeed! did I not see his eyes sparkle just now when the monkey seized the dog by the ear—they shone like my own diamonds?—does your good lady want any—real and fine? Were it not for what you tell me, I should say it was a prophet's child. Fool, indeed! he can write already, or I'll forfeit the box which I carry on my back, and for which I should be loath to take two hundred pounds!" He then leaned forward to inspect the lines which I had traced. All of a sudden he started back and grew white as a sheet; then, taking off his hat, he made some strange gestures to me, cringing, chattering, and showing his teeth, and shortly departed, muttering something about 'holy letters,' and talking to himself in a strange tongue. The words of the Jew were in due course of time reported to my mother, who treasured them in her heart, and from that moment began to entertain brighter hopes of her youngest born than she had ever before ventured to foster."

The first wakening of his literary faculties seems due to Robinson Crusoe, of the visit of which book to his house and of his gradual mastery of its pages we have a long and interesting account. It is a book which has never deserted him—for we owe the kindling of this graphic narrative on which we are dwelling to the style of De Foe.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

"Reader, is it necessary to name the book which now stood open in my hand, and whose very prints, feeble expounders of its wondrous lines, had produced within me emotions strange and novel? Scarcely—for it was a book which has exerted over the minds of Englishmen an influence certainly greater than any other of modern times—which has been in most people's hands, and with the contents of which even those who cannot read are to a certain extent acquainted—a book from which the most luxuriant and fertile of our modern prose writers have drunk inspiration—a book, moreover, to which, from the hardy deeds which it narrates, and the spirit of strange and romantic enterprise which it tends to awaken, England owes many of her astonishing discoveries both by sea and land, and no inconsiderable part of her naval glory.

"Hail to thee, spirit of De Foe! What does not my own poor self owe to thee? England has better bards than either Greece or Rome, yet I could spare them easier far than De Foe, 'unabashed De Foe,' as the hunchbacked rhymist styled him."

If the one incident of Borrow's life was Robinson Crusoe, the second surely is his introduction to the gipsies, whose language put him—as he more than insinuates here and there—at the basis of all the languages of Europe, ancient and modern. This scene—of the first acquaintance with the Romany Chals—is a thoroughly English picture:—

THE GIPSIES.

"One day it happened that, being on my rambles, I entered a green lane which I had never seen before; at first it was rather narrow, but as I advanced it became considerably wider; in the middle was a drift-way with deep ruts, but right and left was a space carpeted with a sward of trofoil and clover; there was no lack of trees, chiefly ancient oaks, which, flinging out their arms from either side, nearly formed a canopy, and afforded a pleasing shelter from the rays of the sun, which was burning fiercely above. Suddenly a group of objects attracted my attention. Beneath one of the largest of the trees, upon the grass, was a kind of low tent or booth, from the top of which a thin smoke was curling; beside it stood a couple of light carts, whilst two or three lean horses or

ponies were cropping the herbage which was growing nigh. Wondering to whom this odd tent could belong, I advanced till I was close before it, when I found that it consisted of two tilts, like those of wagons, placed upon the ground and fronting each other, connected behind by a sail or large piece of canvas which was but partially drawn across the top; upon the ground, in the intervening space, was a fire, over which, supported by a kind of iron crowbar, hung a caldron; my advance had been so noiseless as not to alarm the inmates, who consisted of a man and woman, who sat apart, one on each side of the fire; they were both busily employed—the man was carding plaited straw, whilst the woman seemed to be rubbing something with a white powder, some of which lay on a plate beside her; suddenly the man looked up, and, perceiving me, uttered a strange kind of cry, and the next moment both the woman and himself were on their feet, and rushing out upon me."

A vast deal of palaver follows—with a remarkable story of a viper—but the spirit of the tribe and of many subsequent adventures of the volume is in this striking bit of

HORSEMANSHIP.

"A sound was heard like the rapid galloping of a horse, not loud and distinct as on a road, but dull and heavy as if upon a grass sward; nearer and nearer it came, and the man, starting up, rushed out of the tent, and looked around anxiously. I arose from the stool upon which I had been seated, and just at that moment, amidst a crashing of boughs and sticks, a man on horseback bounded over the hedge into the lane at a few yards' distance from where we were: from the impetus of the leap the horse was nearly down on his knees; the rider, however, by dint of vigorous handling of the reins, prevented him from falling, and then rode up to the tent. 'Tis Nat,' said the man; 'what brings him here?' The new comer was a stout burly fellow, about the middle age; he had a savage determined look, and his face was nearly covered over with carbuncles; he wore a broad slouching hat, and was dressed in a grey coat, cut in a fashion which I afterwards learnt to be the genuine Newmarket cut, the skirts being exceedingly short; his waistcoat was of red plush, and he wore broad corduroy breeches and white top-boots. The steed which carried him was of iron grey, spirited and powerful, but covered with sweat and foam. The fellow glanced fiercely and suspiciously around, and said something to the man of the tent in a harsh and rapid voice. A short and hurried conversation ensued in the strange tongue. I could not take my eyes off this new comer. Oh, that half jockey, half brute countenance, I never forgot it! More than fifteen years afterwards I found myself amidst a crowd before Newgate; a gallows was erected, and beneath it stood a criminal, a notorious malefactor. I recognised him at once; the horseman of the lane is now beneath the fatal tree, but nothing altered; still the same man; jerking his head to the right and left with the same fierce and under glance, just as if the affairs of this world had the same kind of interest to the last; grey coat of Newmarket cut, plush waistcoat, corduroys, and boots, nothing altered; but the head, alas! is bare, and so is the neck. Oh, crime and virtue, virtue and crime!—it was old John Newton, I think, who, when he saw a man going to be hanged, said, 'There goes John Newton, but for the grace of God!'"

The horse, by the way, is the author's next friend, dividing his time with his books. We will look at the two in comparison.

PHILOSOPHY AND HORSE FLESH.

"I much question whether philology, or the passion for languages, requires so little of an apology as the love for horses. It has been said, I believe, that the more languages a man speaks, the more a man is he; which is very true, provided he acquires languages as a medium for becoming

acquainted with the thoughts and feelings of the various sections into which the human race is divided; but, in that case, he should rather be termed a philosopher than a philologist—between which two the difference is wide indeed! An individual may speak and read a dozen languages, and yet be an exceedingly poor creature, scarcely half a man; and the pursuit of tongues for their own sake, and the mere satisfaction of acquiring them, surely argues an intellect of a very low order; a mind disposed to be satisfied with mean and grovelling things; taking more pleasure in the trumpery casket than in the precious treasure which it contains; in the pursuit of words, than in the acquisition of ideas.

"I cannot help thinking that it was fortunate for myself, who am, to a certain extent, a philologist, that with me the pursuit of languages has been always modified by the love of horses; for scarcely had I turned my mind to the former, when I also mounted the wild cob, and hurried forth in the direction of the Devil's Hill, scattering dust and flint-stones on every side; that ride, amongst other things, taught me that a lad with thews and sinews was intended by nature for something better than mere word-culling; and if I have accomplished anything in after life worthy of mentioning, I believe it may partly be attributed to the ideas which that ride, by setting my blood in a glow, infused into my brain. I might, otherwise, have become a mere philologist; one of those beings who toil night and day in culling useless words for some *opus magnum* which Murray will never publish, and nobody ever read; beings without enthusiasm, who, having never mounted a generous steed, cannot detect a good point in Pegasus himself; like a certain philologist, who, though acquainted with the exact value of every word in the Greek and Latin languages, could observe no particular beauty in one of the most glorious of Homer's rhapsodies. What knew he of Pegasus? he had never mounted a generous steed; the merest jockey, had the strain been interpreted to him, would have called it a brave song!—I return to the brave cob."

A sensitive nature, a strong frame, hard study, and healthy animalism, make George Borrow what he is—but withal, from the picture before us, one of your sad men—of a perplexed, troubled youth, and early manhood a long while in finding his true position, but before now overcoming despair, and conscientiously bearing this important witness to the value of the true struggle:—

"O ye gifted ones, follow your calling, for, however various your talents may be, ye can have but one calling capable of leading ye to eminence and renown; follow resolutely the one straight path before you, it is that of your good angel, let neither obstacles nor temptations induce ye to leave it; bound along if you can; if not, on hands and knees follow it, perish in it, if needful; but ye need not fear that; NO ONE EVER YET DIED IN THE TRUE PATH OF HIS CALLING BEFORE HE HAD ATTAINED THE PINNACLE. Turn into other paths, and for a momentary advantage or gratification ye have sold your inheritance, your immortality. Ye will never be heard of after death."

We shall pursue this important work in succeeding numbers. It is full of life-knowledge and a manly spirit, every drop of which should be gathered. We have not as yet got over a third of the volume. Abundant humor, essential humor of character and incident are before us. As we began our extracts with the soul-subduing picture of the Mother, we close, for the present, with the death scene of his Father, the undeveloped soldier, but stalwart man, who had done his duty, and once flogged Big Ben, a prize-fighter, in Hyde Park:—

A DEATH SCENE.

"At the dead hour of night, it might be about

two, I was awakened from sleep by a cry which sounded from the room immediately below that in which I slept. I knew the cry, it was the cry of my mother; and I also knew its import, yet I made no effort to rise, for I was for the moment paralysed. Again the cry sounded, yet still I lay motionless—the stupidity of horror was upon me. A third time, and it was then that, by a violent effort, bursting the spell which appeared to bind me, I sprang from the bed and rushed down stairs. My mother was running wildly about the room; she had awoke, and found my father senseless in the bed by her side. I essayed to raise him, and after a few efforts supported him in the bed in a sitting posture. My brother now rushed in, and, snatching up a light that was burning, he held it to my father's face. 'The surgeon, the surgeon!' he cried; then, dropping the light, he ran out of the room followed by my mother; I remained alone, supporting the senseless form of my father; the light had been extinguished by the fall, and an almost total darkness reigned in the room. The form pressed heavily against my bosom—at last methought it moved. Yes, I was right, there was a heaving of the breast, and then a gasping. Were those words which I heard? Yes, they were words, low and indistinct at first, and then audible. The mind of the dying man was reverting to former scenes. I heard him mention names which I had often heard him mention before. It was an awful moment; I felt stupified, but I still contrived to support my dying father. There was a pause, again my father spoke: I heard him speak of Minden, and of Meredith, the old Minden sergeant, and then he uttered another name, which at one period of his life was much in his lips, the name of . . . but this is a solemn moment! There was a deep gasp: I shook, and thought all was over; but I was mistaken—my father moved, and revived for a moment; he supported himself in bed without my assistance. I make no doubt that for a moment he was perfectly sensible, and it was then that, clasping his hands, he uttered another name clearly, distinctly—it was the name of Christ. With that name upon his lips, the brave old soldier sank back upon my bosom, and, with his hands still clasped, yielded up his soul."

MR. BARTLETT'S OVERLAND ROUTE.*

This is a sequel to the author's and artist's *Eastern Sketches and Descriptions in the "Nile Boat" and "Forty Days in the Desert"*—completing the ordinary incidents, sight seeing, and adventure of an English traveller to India, on the land part of his route. This portion of the tour commences with Malta on the way homeward, which is minutely, historically, picturesquely, and even topographically described; thence we pass to Gibraltar, which is exhibited to us in the same faithful method of illustration; and an excursion to Granada, with a sight of the Alhambra, closes the volume. The text is, however, subsidiary to Mr. Bartlett's primary vocation of sketcher. His letter-press is full, careful, and scholarlike, but his practised pencil has the sharper expression. There are fifty-one illustrations on steel and wood, the most of them of landscape and city view—all of which more or less indicate the taste and selection of a true artist. Take that picture of the "Knights' street at Rhodes," with its bold lights and shadows, and its "coigns of vantage." It has the very feeling with which of a fine morning in such a climate, with the elasticity of health, we look upon such an old ruin. The sun sheds upon it the glory of history and the present, while the past lingers in the deep embrasures and shadowed arches. Mr. Bartlett is a true antiquarian, and handles a ruin delicately. The view looking to Ceuta across the Straits of Gibraltar from

"Europa Point" impresses us in another way. It is high, rocky, majestic; worthy to confront the Atlantic and keep guard on the long line of Mediterranean glories. All about this rock of Gibraltar you have those well selected points, in a series of sketches, which put you in possession—as far as a non-visitor can command them—of the scene.

Mr. Bartlett has of course an eye for the picturesque in history, which Malta and Gibraltar, the two strongholds of his volume, afford abundantly. The famed "Stair Street" in Valetta is graphically presented by pen and pencil, and neither of these pictures is encumbered. We see clearly in Mr. Bartlett's volumes. It is upon such a sudden impression as this that we should like to fall in visiting such an old-world place as Malta.

THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN.

"At the head of this stair-street—the Strada Santa Lucia—we emerge upon an open platform, on the right hand of which is the far famed church of St. John; and the first sight of its flat, unmeaning façade, produces a feeling of disappointment and surprise that this should be the finest church in so fine a city; suggesting the unwelcome idea that these military monks were more solicitous about the splendor of their own habitations, than careful for the honor of the house of God. Push aside the heavy curtain, however, which guards the entrance portal, and a very different impression takes hold upon the mind. The contrast is, indeed, as surprising as it is grateful. From a sunlight almost oppressive from its extreme brilliancy, we suddenly step into a vast edifice, consisting of one noble vaulted nave, covered with rich marbles and gorgeous paintings, bled into a grey, religious gloom, cool to the heated frame, refreshing to the dazzled eye, and almost intoxicating to the sense from its diffused odor of floating incense. On the marbled and matted flooring are kneeling groups of Maltese ladies in their black silk mantillas, whose dark eyes send forth most soul and sense subduing glances, half redolent of heavenly and half of earthly passions; while others, gliding in with gentle rustle and almost inaudible footsteps, fit spirit-like across the stranger's vision. A dreamy, intoxicating feeling—a blending of romance and religion—comes over and subdues him. The organ bursts forth with its solemn voice: its divine thrills and gushes of harmony, accompanied by the melodious chant of the priests, roll in sublime volume through the remote recesses of the edifice. If he looks up to the vaulted roof, he beholds the painted figures of heroic knights and of beautiful nuns, in the black robes and white cross of their order; while, as he slowly paces through the gorgeous side chapels, the emblazoned arms of the different lodges, the effigies of distinguished warriors, the trophies and insignia of former conquests, the rusty keys of memorable cities—of Rhodes, and Jerusalem, and Acre—arrest his gaze, and add to the fascination which enwraps him. In this vague but delicious reverie past ages seem to revive before him, with all their gallant deeds; the heroic dead, upon whose dust he treads, seem to awaken into life."

After which you might visit the Museum belonging to the Governor's Palace for an epitome of the varied history of the island—Phœnician, Greek, Roman, and Arabian.

"Attached is a museum, which, although of small dimensions, contains such a collection of antiquities as is rarely to be met with in the same compass, and never, certainly, as found upon a spot so limited in extent as Malta. There may be seen traces of almost every people who have successively occupied the island. First, of the Phœnicians, there is a curious altar with a bilingual inscription, in Phœnician and Greek characters, together with other fragments; also some clay figures, and a skull dug up from the ruins of Hagiat Chem, with some very ancient sarcophagi in terra cotta, upon one of which the figure is impressed so

* *Gleanings, Pictorial and Antiquarian, on the Overland Route. By the Author of "Forty Days in the Desert."* London and New York: Virtue & Co.

as to resemble a mummy; as also some very elegant vases. Etruscan vases have been found, and even an Egyptian group of sculpture has also within these few years been dug up at Gozo. Of the Greeks is a very beautiful statue of Hercules, and a number of objects and inscriptions of minor value, especially a curious altar. There is a beautiful bas-relief of the head of Zenobia, executed at a period before the degeneracy of art. Of the Romans and Arabs there are also some memorials of trifling interest; and a cabinet containing bronzes and coins of all the above mentioned periods. This collection has given rise to an infinity of learned dissertations, to enter into which would be foreign to the nature of a work like this; suffice it to say, that no stranger should neglect to visit it, as he here beholds in small compass a curious evidence of the many populations of which this little island of Malta has been the theatre."

A sequel to the Museum is a journey across the island to the ruins of Hagiar Chem, which afford a fair field for antiquarian discussion. They are bodily placed with the sea in full view:

HAGIAR CHEM.

"Impatient to reach the ruins, after a brief delay in this pleasant spot, we re-entered the caleche. The road was wild and rough, the country at every step poorer and more rocky; and the blue sea, seen through the openings in the hills, was a welcome relief from the wearisome monotony of the scenery. Much further, it was clear, we could not go, having nearly crossed the island; and we looked out impatiently for some indications of Hagiar Chem. In front of a small hovel the driver drew up his caleche, telling us that we could proceed no further but on foot; at the same moment a fresh brace of guides, in addition to our little familiar, upstarted out of the shade of a pent-house—the roughest and wildest-looking denizens of the island whom we had hitherto encountered. We followed them, however, without hesitation, and in a few moments obtained our first view of the temple—if temple that could be called which seemed, at a short distance, to be no more than a confused heap of the same grey boulders which everywhere lay scattered around. If the first view was but little promising, we felt, as we hastened towards the edifice, that everything so anomalous, so unlike anything else, our eyes had never before rested on. The stones, which a little way off seemed shapeless, now assumed a shape, but only to puzzle and perplex us. The external inclosure was formed by immense upright blocks, placed side by side, above which towered a few, of enormous dimensions, and weather-beaten, ghastly aspect—wrecks that had outlived ages of convulsion and change—relics that time had once almost buried in the surrounding soil, and had been disinterred again, like the gigantic skeletons of an earlier world. The portal of this primeval edifice simply consisted of an opening left between two of the above mentioned blocks: we entered, and gazed upon the scene around with an increasing feeling of surprise, so evidently artificial was the structures yet so utterly unintelligible its plan. With some difficulty we contrived to get rid of our guides, directing them to return again after a couple of hours, and proceeded undisturbed to visit this extraordinary spot.

"Was anything ever seen so strange and inexplicable—so unaccountably intricate and eccentric—so unlike any known monument, from the rude Druidical circle up to the consummate proportion of the Grecian temple? Or, to form a somewhat clearer idea, let him clamber upon one of the highest blocks (marked A in the plan) and cast with us a bird's eye glance over the interior of the inclosure. Even then he will not be much the wiser. These strange, irregular circles, formed of upright stones, surmounted, Stonehenge-like, with transverse ones—these doorways and passages and flights of steps—these rude altars—this odd jumble of nooks and niches—this enormous inclosure of colossal stones, battered and disintegrated by time

and tempest, till all trace of the shaping-hammer is gone; what are they—and who reared them? The mind insensibly associates them with some religious purpose—with the rites of some dark and debased creed. These weird-looking circles once resounded, perhaps, with the orgies of extinct superstitions; and upon these altars the blood of innocent victims may have poured forth in sacrifice; or as some suppose, the structure may have been intended as a burial-place, since in this edifice, and in another presently to be noticed, are chambers evidently sepulchral, and bodies, urns, and pottery, have been dug up within. Perhaps they may have served for both purposes—have been at once temples and tombs. But whatever they were, no one could look upon them as we did, in the profound stillness of a summer noon—unbroken but by the hum of the gilded fly, or the rustle of the lizard as he furtively stole forth, and then disappeared again from among the chinks of the masonry—by the soft waving of the scented wild-flowers and silken rye-grass,—or wandered among their grey avenues of stones, with the wild and desolate landscape around, and the blue sea, upon which imagination pictures the barks of the roving Phœnicians, to whom tradition assigns the structure,—without a feeling of intense curiosity, and almost of awe, which perhaps no other description of edifice is in an equal degree calculated to call forth."

There is an interesting chapter upon "St. Paul's Voyage and Shipwreck," including a dissertation by Mr. Samuel Sharp on this subject, connecting the voyage of Josephus to Rome with that of St. Paul; and the introduction of Christianity to "Cæsar's household" with the services of a Jewish actor of plays, Aliturus.

DR. WILLIAMS'S RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.*

This volume is the work of no slipshod or indifferent thinker, who sustains his theories by mere force of enthusiasm or self-love. Dr. Williams has written a book especially for these troublous times, suited to the exigencies of the case. He has written from a richly stored and well trained mind, while his labors glow with ardent and elevated feeling, so that every page shows the well read student no less than the earnest divine: a combination so seldom met with in the works of theological polemics. He has boldly grappled with those moving causes and principles that are antagonistic to the church of Christ, pointed out fallacies and errors, and most successfully silenced the cavils of the sceptic and free-thinker, who knows no law save his own appetite and passion.

His manful zeal is plainly evidenced in that he has not exhumed stale systems of error, dead and buried ages ago, but that he has faced most fearlessly living men, principles, and things that are round and about him, busily operative in poisoning and misleading the minds and hearts of men. Yet no volume is without its fault. The book we are noticing is most admirably suited for learned and thinking men, in depth of thought, cogency of reasoning, and elaboration and elegance of style; but this latter characteristic must materially subtract from its value as a means of exercising a wide and popular influence—as a lever by which the masses of mind are to be wrought upon and moulded. The Dr. has indulged in too many pedantic conceits; for instance, the word "proletary" may be very well in a thesis before a "concio ad clerum," but a common reader must turn to his dictionary and look out the significance of the term before he can honestly leave the passage where

it occurs. It is needless to multiply instances to illustrate our meaning; they are to be found in every chapter. We also note the free use of blunt old Saxon words in abundance; for instance, "As geology scratches the rind off our globe, some are hoping to dig up and fling out before the nations a contradiction to the oracles of the earth's Creator, and to find a birth-mark on the creature that shall impeach the truth of its maker's registers as to its age and history." Thus the contrast is the more vivid between the extreme boldness and gruffness of the Saxon, and the obscurity and grandiloquence of a highly involved Latinized style; both of which are to be found in the volumes before us.

We commend the book to the thinking, as a chapter of practical, working, everyday theology; and a dexterous and murderous onslaught among the vile sophisms of our day and generation.

A School Dictionary of the Latin Language. By Dr. J. H. Kalt Schmidt. In two Parts. Part I., Latin-English. Lea & Blanchard.—This volume forms part of the classical series of Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt, and in the convenient compass of 478 compactly printed duodecimo pages, furnishes an excellent school dictionary, sufficiently ample for a boy's classical wants. Proper names have been omitted, as these can be more satisfactorily treated in a classical dictionary, and "learned discussions and disquisitions could not be introduced, as incompatible with the objects for which the dictionary is intended, and also because they would have considerably increased the bulk of the volume. On the other hand, it has been thought advisable to give, as far as possible, the etymology of every word, not only by tracing it to its Latin or Greek root, but to roots or kindred forms of words occurring in the cognate languages of the great Indo-Germanic family. This feature, which distinguishes the present dictionary from all others, cannot fail to awaken the learner to the interesting fact of the radical identity of many apparently heterogeneous languages, and prepare him for the delightful and instructive study of comparative philology."

The American Citizen, a Discourse. By John M. Krebs, D.D. Charles Scribner.—The Rev. Dr. Krebs, the influential pastor of an important Presbyterian congregation in this city, took occasion on Thanksgiving Day to discuss certain principles of alleged "higher law" than that of the Constitution, which have been put forward in connexion with the Fugitive Slave Law. He took the Scripture ground of obedience to the constituted law of the state as part of Christian duty, and discussed some of the minor bearings of the particular question, which he cleared of entanglement with alleged Jewish precedents. He found in the American Constitution provision sufficient for reformation, without the exercise of the right of revolution. His discourse is worthily introduced by the massive declaration on the subject, at the opening of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity.

The American Union, a Discourse. By Henry A. Boardman, D.D. Phila.: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.—The fifth thousand on the cover of this address indicates its popularity. It is a right eloquent exhibition of the advantages to the world, and our own nation, of the American union. A passage of Patrick Henry, prophesying the immigration of all people to "a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance; a land over which Peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where Content and Plenty lie down at every door"—was brilliantly introduced, with a scarcely less felicitous comment of the "testimonies picked up by the wayside, and the cotter's hearth and the shepherd's fold, from reapers and wagoners, and guides and laborers." The compromises of the constitution are insisted upon, with a consideration of the character and effects of one-sided Abolitionism.

* Religious Progress: Discourses on the Development of the Christian Character. By William R. Williams. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston.

Metropolitan Influence, a Discourse. By Edward Lathrop. Lewis Colby.—This discourse was delivered at the opening of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, in the Second Avenue, Dec. 22, 1850; its topic being from Philip's preaching in the city of Samaria, the influence of Christianity upon cities, "as alike the conservative and the progressive element in all matters of social reform." We believe there is no lack of evidence on this point; and that, as the most practical test of the matter we can think of—the Chief of Police would at any time bear his testimony to the value of ministrations to the soul and body of man, in the spirit of Mr. Lathrop's discourse.

Addenda to the World's Progress. December, 1850. Putnam.—Twenty-four pages of additional matter to the new edition of Mr. Putnam's book of facts, "The World's Progress." These additions of a few pages, belonging to some seven hundred, are a little manual in themselves, particularly the condensed lists of the schools of painters, and the close set biographical index.

The Thirtieth Annual Report of the Mercantile Library Association of this city exhibits an expenditure for the year, in books, of \$2091 10; an appropriation for the catalogue just issued of \$1597 39; for periodicals \$519 53. The whole number of new members for 1850, is 1116; the total of members on the first of January was 3,334; of the last, all except 119, pay \$2 yearly; the remainder, who are not clerks, \$5 each. The additions to the library, which now actually numbers 30,233 volumes, have been of books of value in art and science. The other departments of the library, as appears by this well arranged report, are equally flourishing.

Parts 14 and 15 of Mr. Hueston's *Illustrated Bible*, with notes by the Rev. Ingram Cobbin, are now ready.

No. 11 of Lossing's *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution* has just appeared from the press of the Harpers, abounding in detailed pictorial and narrative illustrations of the events of the Revolution in New England. The taste and industry of Mr. Lossing in this book are worthy of all praise.

Two numbers of "The Republic," a monthly magazine edited by Thos. R. Whitney, have appeared, and from their frank, straightforward, and patriotic tone make a strong appeal to popular favor. We find in its pages an interesting and liberal variety of articles by the editor, Mr. Leslie, U. H. Judah, Mrs. Snelling, an ingenious Love-Story by Mr. J. W. Brice, and poems in a clear, manly strain by one of the most popular of our younger poets, C. D. Stuart. The temper in which Mr. Whitney launches his monthly should command for it a favorable reception in all parts of the country.

Stanfield Hall. An Historical Romance. By J. P. Smith, Esq., author of "The Jesuit," "Robin Goodfellow," etc. In Parts. Parts I., II. W. F. Burgess.—This is one of the army of novels by an author not in the more obvious roll of writers, and who has a constituency of his own. The mere name and announcement of the work secure for it at once its own peculiar support, with the same readiness as an established politician controls the vote of his ward.

Love and Ambition, by the author of "Rockingham," "The Younger Brother," &c.—An excellent novel, of the modern school of Mrs. Daniel, Mrs. Cray, &c., and well worthy the success awarded this author's two former works.

MEDICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Ether and Chloroform: their Employment in Surgery, Dentistry, Midwifery, Therapeutics, &c. By J. F. B. Flagg, M.D., Surgeon Dentist. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.—The popular discussion of anæsthetics, after its vigorous onset, has died away, leaving the community doubtful in regard to the result. But it is not so in the profession. Physicians, who were many of them slow in hailing the discovery of this great boon to man,

have now, with scarcely a solitary exception, acknowledged its vast benefits and powers. The subject is still in their minds, and occupies a prominent place at their scientific meetings. The Academy of Medicine of this city has taken the lead of all similar associations in discussing its properties. At these meetings hardly a breath has been uttered against its virtues and powers, its great usefulness, and the important results effected by it. The object of their investigation is to obtain from its members (nearly 300 in number) their individual opinion respecting it; the peculiar cases (if any) where its use is proved hazardous; the care with which it should be given; and, in short, to attempt to establish the bounds of its usefulness. The results of several evenings' deliberation and narration are cheering, and are briefly as follows: There are no conditions, or very few, of the human system, where, if serious surgical operations are necessary, its use is contra-indicated. All agree that it is highly beneficial in all obstetric operations, and very many approve of its use in ordinary cases of labor, but that complete anæsthesia is unnecessary. Not a solitary case of midwifery has been mentioned where any unfortunate result occurred in many thousand cases, in this country and Europe. Its beneficial effects as an alleviator of pain are not limited to its administration by inhalation. Its peculiar results are effected by local application in cases of neuralgia, &c.

The volume before us does not give any new ideas to those accustomed to the use of chloroform or sulphuric ether, but its accounts are generally reliable and probably accurate. It goes over the entire ground of the chemical constitution of the two anæsthetic agents, their discovery, their uses in surgery, midwifery, and general disease, with many illustrative cases.

The volume is written with clearness, and much spirit. It would be an interesting work independent of its manifest utility. So much has been said by the timid respecting the imaginary dangers of anæsthesia, and the reluctance with which it is given by many of the older practitioners of medicine, who receive new ideas with great slowness, that this great solace to human woes has not been so generally used as it ought to and will be. New York has been especially backward, while Boston has gladly and very generally employed it. This volume will do much to disabuse the prejudice of the public mind; and ere long pain will be lessened in a very great degree. In some particulars the work is deficient: it does not mention the great impropriety of its use by unskilful persons, and particularly of its being made a home medicine; and the almost absolute necessity of its being taken only in the recumbent position, and on an empty stomach. The work is published in a convenient form, and its general circulation will be of benefit to the community.

The Medical Student's Guide in Extracting Teeth, with Numerous Cases in the Surgical Branch of Dentistry; with Illustrations. By S. S. Horner, Practical Dentist. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.—The graduate from most of our medical colleges goes out without having received any instruction upon this branch. In former times a dentist was an unknown person, and all the attention that the teeth received was extraction. The student had little or no information from any one, and his knowledge came by his own experience. Now it is not supposed that physicians or surgeons "pull teeth," that being the work of a dentist. Still in many parts of the country this duty is absolutely necessary; and to those persons particularly this little pamphlet will be very welcome. The author does not pretend that he will give any information except to the student, and from our own former "shortcomings" we can see that an acquaintance with this treatise will save many an unfortunate sufferer from much pain, and the ignorant practitioner from much deserved blame and prickings of conscience.

The Medical Examiner and Record of Medical Science. Edited by Francis Gurney Smith, M.D., and John B. Biddle, M.D. January. Philadel-

phia: Lindsay & Blakiston.—We see that Dr. Biddle, the originator of this magazine, has returned, and will in future give his aid to it. The present number, which commences a new volume, contains an interesting article by Dr. Meigs on the "Obscure Pneumonia of Children," and "Remarks on California," by Dr. Horner, late Fleet Surgeon to the Pacific Squadron, which, for the information it gives relative to the climate, soil, productions, &c., is valuable. The magazine is carefully edited, and, while often severe in its notices of books and the novelties of the day, is generally reliable.

The Half-yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences. By W. H. Rankin, M.D., &c. July to December, 1850. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.—This number contains a resumé of everything published during the last six months, with quotations from enlarged works; particularly articles on the "Treatment of Obesity," which is generally dependent on or accompanied by disease of the heart; treatment of delirium tremens; the use of the Kousso; lectures on inflammation, by Dr. Paget, are worthy of attention. This magazine is indispensable to the medical man, as by it the chaff is separated from the wheat, and much labor is saved in looking over the mere verbiage which many of the magazines contain.

The London Lancet. February. Stringer & Townsend.—This number contains a biographical sketch of Sir William Burnett, Director General of the Medical Department of the British Navy, with a portrait; lectures on various topics; and general information. It is valuable to the student, who will find the subjects generally treated in a style suited to them, usually embracing the entire topic; being in that respect entitled to the rank of monographs.

Anniversary Discourse before the New York Society of Medicine. By Joseph M. Smith, M.D. (Published by order of the Academy.)—We spoke of this address at the time of its delivery, giving its characteristics and peculiarities. In its present form it justifies the praise we then bestowed upon it. The subject is treated in a scholarly manner, and as it is not of an ephemeral character, it will continue to be an interesting monograph when the occasion for which it was written may be forgotten.

The Stethoscope and Virginia Medical Gazette and Monthly Journal. Edited by P. C. Goode, M.D. Vol. I., No. 2. February, 1851. Richmond, Va.—We notice with pleasure this early number of this well printed journal. Its commencement is good, and its design is patriotic—to furnish to its own State the best medical reading and information of the facts and opinions of the day in a cheap form. It is opened by a long article on Congestive Fevers. This is right. Treat of the peculiar diseases of Virginia and the South, and you will make the magazine indispensable to your own physicians. We hope to notice future numbers equal to this specimen.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"INFIDELITY IN ENGLAND" is the title of a series of papers, three in number, just concluded in the Baptist Recorder. They are remarkable for their facts and grouping of a body of men who have for some time past been gaining a certain ground in literature, and who have been, probably, less noticed as a body than their writings have been read. These papers bring them fairly into the field. The new infidel school of England is traced to Strauss and the Germans; and we have briefly sketched, with more or less of detail, the habitat and opinions of W. J. Fox, Blanco White, John Sterling, the two Froudes and the two Newmans, Morell (the author of the "Philosophy of Religion"), Newenham Travers (Mr. Fox's successor at Finsbury), George Dawson, James and Harriet Martineau, Leigh Hunt, the Rev. Edmund Larken, and Leigh Hunt of the "Leader" newspaper, Carlyle, Thomas Cooper, Joseph Barker, the doings of John Chapman, the publisher—with a glance at Tennyson, Grote, the Howitts, &c. These are enumerated as, with different shades of opinion and

development, supporters of the new school of infidelity—to which the ignorance of the working classes, the relationship of Puseyism (as in the two Oxford Newmans), the divisions of Unitarianism—the example of the Germans especially—with a certain support from Boston—send confluent streams. The philosophy of this matter the writer does not pretend to meet. But from local English knowledge (he is an Englishman) he brings forward—we do not vouch in all cases for his presentment—a number of persons hitherto, as we have said, most of whom are less known than their opinions.

The *Eco d'Italia* of M. Secchi di Casali opens its second volume, we are happy to perceive, in an enlarged form, and a neat and improved type. M. Casali, we believe, worthy of success, laboring with honest enthusiasm and under impulses which all men must respect.

A work of a piquant and interesting character, from the pen of a "ready writer," is about to appear in this city at the close of the present month, under the title of "PARODI: the Vocalists, Composers, and Musicians of the Opera." The typographical style of the work is quaint and peculiar: and altogether it promises to be a most attractive publication.

We copied into the *Literary World* a week or two ago a story "going the rounds," touching a certain legacy of the New Orleans millionaire, McDonough, to a littérateur of Paris, M. Gozlan, with the expression of the idea, however, that the matter was a quiz. It now turns out to be so. By the following letter, which we translate from the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, it will appear that the subject of the story, M. Gozlan himself, has thought fit to contradict the gossip, with a pertinent hint, however, to the wealthy. This is his letter to the editor of a French paper:—

"Mr. Editor,—I cannot conceive what could have been the object of the paragraph in a Belgian paper, nor do I see the wit of it, which states that some rich American citizen or other has left me 50,000 francs. Unfortunately the fact is fifty thousand times a falsehood. The Belgians would do much better, instead of leaving me an imaginary legacy, by meting to me and to other authors what they have robbed us of, in stealing our copyrights. This story, born in America and naturalized in Belgium, may have, however, a good moral effect. It may suggest to some of the rich men of this world the happy idea of leaving to poor authors, to whose works they have been indebted for much of their happiness during their whole life, a part of that wealth which on their deathbed they distribute so profusely to some ridiculous institution or to some opera girl or other.

"Believe me, that it is with profound regret that I have to give the lie to a story which will not remain the less active after my denial. Truth passes away, but lying gossipry is eternal.

"Your devoted servant and fellow writer,

"LÉON GOZLAN."

"LOLA MONTES," says the Paris correspondent of the *London Literary Gazette*, "has made her debut in the literary arena, by the publication in the *feuilleton* of a daily newspaper of the first portion of what she calls her "Memoirs." Judging from this first chapter, which takes the shape of a quasi-impertinent epistle to the ex-King of Bavaria, Madame Montes, Landsfeldt, Heald, or whatever her name may be, promises a good deal of scandal about the royal, noble, political, and literary personages with whom she has come in contact in the course of her adventurous career. As a mass of scandal, her book may sell; but if the introduction be a specimen of the whole, it will be a dead failure as a literary production; for more slipshod, scumble-scumble stuff it would not be easy to find."

"The newspapers," says the same authority, "announce the death of M. Frederic Bastiat, at Rome, on the 24th ult., aged 44, representative of the people. In him political economy has lost one of its most brilliant defenders. Profoundly versed in that abstruse, most difficult, and most harassing science, he was able to do with it what no other

writer, I believe, ever did, not even Miss Martineau herself,—make it, as Falstaff was, the subject of wit himself, and the subject of wit to others. Nothing could be more sparkingly brilliant or more flashingly *spirituel* than his dialogues, his allegories, his illustrations, and his anecdotes in favor of free trade principles. And his more serious works, such as *Cobden et la Ligue*, *Les Sophismes Economiques*, *Les Harmonies Economiques*; and his famous controversy with Proudhon, the formidable Socialist, respecting the legality of interest on capital, a controversy of which, notwithstanding the vast learning and immense intellectual power of his adversary, he had decidedly the best: all these works were truly admirable, displaying in every page a thorough knowledge of his subject, written with all the exquisite clearness which distinguishes the best French authors, full of the closest and most cogent argument, and marked from beginning to end with the unflinching *verve* and humor of Rabelais and others of the old Gallic school."

A "Paris letter" going the rounds of the newspapers, gives this account of the manner in which Dr. Veron, the editor of the *Constitutionnel*, lives:—"I have already given you some anecdotes of the père aux œufs of the *Constitutionnel*. As the vein is inexhaustible, let me now and then give you others. Dr. Veron is the Apicius of Paris. He is even better than Apicius, for no man in the world, on dit, is a better judge of a jambe bien faite et un bras dodu than the doctor. It may be doubted if Apicius knew much about these things. But the Doctor was manager of the Opera for years, years—and knows la beau sexe au fond. He rivals Apicius in his knowledge of the cuisine. Every day the Doctor has a table for twelve spread—the list has been long made out. There are in Paris some fifty persons, renowned for their wit, their accomplishment, their beauty, or the piquant de leur société. Of this number, twelve are chosen daily. At half-past six o'clock every convive is at his plate, and dinner served. The dinner is faultless, the wines are exquisite, and the guests are always brilliant. These are the perfection of dinners. Around that board you meet M. Roqueplan, of the Opera; M. Malitourne, of the *Constitutionnel*; M. Scribe, the dramatic author; M. de Guizard, of the *Beaux Arts*; M. Romein, of the *Ere des Césars*; M. Arsène Houssaye, of the *Théâtre Français*; M. Armand Bertin, of the *Debats*; M. Mocquart, of the *Elysée*; M. Jules Janin, of the *Debats*; Mlle. Augustine Brohan (to whom a gentleman said at the last dinner, 'I thought until now, Mademoiselle, that un feu d'artifice was the éblouissant pleasure of the eyes, your wit teaches me that it also is that of the ears'); Mlle. Marquet, with the blonde hair; the beautiful Mlle. Luther, who is all blonde; Mlle. Favart, with the languishing eyes; Mlle. Octave; Mlle. Plunkett, and Mlle. Taglioni, in a word, the cream of the world of art and beauty. Voluptuous old Doctor! what an example you set to our lean-pursed American editors! At half-past eight Dr. Veron takes his hat and goes off. The rest of the company can go or stay, as they please. The salon is open, and the conversation is prolonged as late as the company please; meantime the Doctor is enjoying the ballet at the Opera, or Madeline at the Français."

The *Worcester Spy* publishes a communication (ascribed to Mr. Charles Sumner, of Boston), connecting the families of Lord Brougham and Patrick Henry:—

"Messrs. Editors:—We do not care much, on this side of the Atlantic, about descent and consanguinity, those questions so important to aristocracies and horse-breeders on the other side; yet we cannot but feel some little interest in the coincidence that Patrick Henry, the orator of our Revolution, and Henry Brougham, the orator of British Reform, derive their origin and their genius from the same source. Patrick Henry was the son of a Scotchman. His grandmother was sister to Dr. Robertson, the celebrated Scottish historian; and Henry Brougham's grandmother, wife of Rev. Robert Syme, of Alloa, Scotland, was also a sister to the distinguished author of the 'History of

America.' The Union of Lord Brougham's father and mother was rather fortuitous and romantic, and a short notice of it may interest your readers. Mr. Brougham, the father of the future Lord Chancellor, was travelling to assuage a grief, said to be occasioned by a disappointment of the heart. He visited Edinburgh, the most splendid and romantic of British cities; and while strolling upon the Calton Hill, on the first day of his visit, he was so stricken with the appearance of the river that rolled below him; with the green islets on its bosom, like emeralds set in gold; and with the magnificent mountain and Campagna scenery, that he determined to sojourn there some time, and casually asked a gentleman, with whom he fell into conversation, if he could recommend to him a quiet respectable lodging.

"The stranger led him to Mrs. Syme's, at the Cowgate Head, where he soon became enamored of the widow's only daughter, Eleanor; and in due time took her to wife. The Cowgate is now the veriest purlieu of Edinburgh, where all the most wretched Irish vegetate; and where a species of manners prevails that would do no discredit to the *haut ton* of Pandemonium. In one of the old, grim, rough-looking dwellings of this street, did Lord Brougham's father and mother spend the first few months of their wedded life, previous to their removal to No. 7 North St. Andrew street, where Henry and his brothers were born.

"I visited this house in the Cowgate. It was then used as a carrier's office, and also as a tavern. The entrance was literally through a narrow orifice in the black wall, and by an abrupt flight of stone steps. Over this gap in the façade of the building, was a signboard, with a profile painted on it, said to be that of George the Third. It was remarkable only for the splendor of its robes, and the canine character of its phenological developments. The street, when I stood on it, was redolent with miasma, and vocal with the bawling and bawling tongues of Irish rioters and Irish costermongers. And was it here Brougham's melancholy father sought retirement and peace, and found love? said I, looking round me with a smile. The policeman now goes there to keep peace, and he often finds the weight of brickbats and black-thorn for his trouble; *sic transit, &c.*

"Is it not worthy of remark, that we owe our two greatest orators, Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster, to that nation from which sprang Fletcher of Saltoun, Brougham, and Francis Jeffrey?

"The Cosmopolitan Brougham, whom that quizzical little Mr. Punch has presented to the world in such a multitude of aspects, certainly deserves a welcome to our shores, which he proposes to visit, should his health permit him, not only on account of his early attachment to democratic principles, but on account of his relationship to the Demosthenes of American Liberty. S."

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

RASHLY o'ertempted by her gorgeous hue,
Her deep-toned purple shadows, went I forth
To borrow what I saw and make my own—
The Indian summer's beauty. Alas!
When from before the sun's warm mid-day beam
The golden mist crept dreamily away,
And like a proud Sultana just unveiled,
Nature revealed her jewels—then I saw
How rash, how daring was the vain attempt,
And from my nerveless hand the pencil fell,
Whilst I stood spell-bound, speechless! Did I
dream,
Or was it fairy-land? for where I stood
The rich bronze-tinted slope, touched here and
there
With the bright trace of Summer's lingering
step,
Seemed girt with trees that dropped resplendent
gems!
Majestic oaks of crimson, amber, gold,
Flame-colored elms and ash of pearly grey,
Amid whose silvery tints bright creeping vines
Blushed, as they wandered on in every leaf.
But far apart from this most lovely belt
Of varied foliage, there stood a group

Of exiled trees, of sad and monkish hues,
 Poor Pariahs cast out from all the rest,
 Fit but to shroud within the pool beneath
 Some deed of nameless terror, or to throw
 Their Rembrandt shadows round monastic walls,
 Blackening the human skull and cross-bones
 grim—

The painted missal and the crucifix,
 O'er which some crazed and self-tormented wretch
 Laments and groans his weary life away.
 But, as I gazed upon this lonely group
 Of wild, suggestive, melancholy trees,
 My mind still dwelling on the poor recluse,
 Thinking, indeed, wherein his virtue lies
 Who flies temptation he dares not confront—
 A ray, bright as the glory of a saint,
 Dropped like a ruby in the pool below
 And fringed with purple light the dusky leaves.
 So may we find amid the saddest hours,
 When fearful doubts assail the spirit's peace,
 And shadows thick beset the path of life,
 That still toils on, uncertain of its way,
 Some sweet, consoling, golden-handed hope
 Lift with its magic touch the gloomy veil
 To light the darkened chambers of the soul.

ELEONORA E. DARLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 1, 1850.

Eds. Lit. World.

I WENT the other day to see Prof. Charles C. Rafn, the well and widely known editor of the *Antiquitates Americanae*. After climbing up and down numerous staircases, ringing various door-bells, and tickling the fancy of divers maid-servants by my delicate Danish, I resolved to postpone my visit to some time when the *genii loci* should more favor me; so going down again, I had well nigh reached the end of the stairways and my patience, when I met an elderly gentleman, whose ruddy countenance curiously contrasted with his very white hair. He appeared to me to go up the multitudinous little ascents in a manner that betokened familiarity with the ways of the place, and I asked him for the abode of the learned antiquarian. It was himself; so presenting the introductory letters I had with me, I accompanied him a story higher than the highest point I had before attained. His rooms, which are also those of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, whose indefatigable labors and patient researches have made their fame worldwide, were lined with books and old manuscripts. The learned Professor pointed out two which struck me by their connexion: one was the Saga of Eric the Red, the other a copy of the Massachusetts Revised Statutes, glittering with gilding, a present from Gov. Everett. The first was a worn and time-eaten manuscript, narrating the journeys of the hardy Eric to the Western continent; and the latter printed ages after in the very heart of the inland he had discovered. Prof. Rafn is about five-and-fifty years of age, and is characterized by modesty and simplicity of manners, and is zealously engaged in the labors he so loves. At this time he has just received an abstract of his great work in modern Greek—the descendants of the Argonauts publishing the story of the adventurous navigators of Thule. Spain, France, Portugal, Italy, Germany, Bohemia, Hungary, Sweden, Poland, Russia, have all published the results of his studies in their respective idioms; many of them, indeed, not contenting themselves with a single translation. Another work is about to be issued, characterized by the same beautiful typography as the *Antiquitates Americanae*, and of the same size, styled "*Antiquités Russes et Orientales*." This is another result of Prof. Rafn's researches,

and will throw as much light on the early history of Russia as his other tome has on the antiquities of our own country.

The body of Northern Antiquaries make important additions to knowledge, yearly, in the shape of an *Antiquarisk Tidsskrift*, or Antiquarian Journal, and an *Annaler for Nordiske Old Kyndighed*, or Annals of Northern Archaeology, besides their *Mémoires* in French, and numerous and well edited volumes of Sagas.

I witnessed a few evenings since the representation of King René's Daughter, an English translation of which appeared a year ago. Henry Hertz, the author, is a director of the Royal Theatre, and of course the piece was produced with all the circumstances of fine scenery and a powerful cast, which so heighten the effect of a poem on the stage; and Madame Heiberg's personation of the king's blind daughter was elegant and accurate, having in it almost as much of poetry as the verse itself. This lady, although young, leaves the stage in the spring, a circumstance which would be regretted by all were it not expected that her pen will speak as effectively to the public as her tongue has so often done.

Mr. Hertz has published lately a volume of lyrical poems and ballads, many of which are not unworthy the pen that wrote King René's Daughter. They remind me much of Longfellow.

A bill concerning the freedom of the press, very liberal in its provisions, passed last month the two houses of the *Rigsdag* now in session, and by this time has received the royal signature, and is the law of the land. Ever since the establishment of the Constitution in '48 the Danish press has been *de facto* free; but the fear of restrictions that might be thrown around it when the legislature should turn its attention in that direction, has crippled thought and manacled the pen. Henceforward Danish journals and men of letters need have no cause of anxiety. The press is as unshackled as in the days of Bernstorff.

D. W. F.

FINE ARTS.

LECTURES ON ART.—MR. GODWIN'S PHILOSOPHY OF ART.

THE third in the course of lectures under the auspices of the artists of this city, was delivered on the evening of the 10th inst., at the rooms of the National Academy, now hung with the pictures of the City Gallery and Mr. Nye's collection of the Old Masters. We are indebted to the *Evening Post* for this abstract of the lecture:

"Mr. Godwin's subject was the general Philosophy of Art, which he treated with a good deal of elaboration and effect. He began by inquiring whether Art was a subject, in itself, worthy of philosophical treatment, and after showing that it was not a mere illusion or amusement, he passed to a consideration of the method in which it should be treated to arrive at the happiest results. Two methods, he said, prevailed—the historical and the psychological; the former of which confined itself to the classification and study of actual works of art, and the latter to those faculties in the artist by which they are produced. But a true aesthetic method would combine the merits of both these, and, like the vital process, proceed from the inmost laboratory of the spirit, through all its infinite ramifications, to its outermost effects in the body. Such a method is integral and complete, omitting nothing, and having nothing superfluous.

"Mr. Godwin illustrated this method by a

brief account of the æsthetic system of Hegel, from whom he quoted an admirable criticism of the interior significance of the paintings of the Dutch school of artists. At the same time he avowed an inability to understand some parts of that philosopher, and a dissent from a great deal of what he did understand. The great defect of Hegel, and other systematic writers, was their failure to universalize art, or to extend it to all the actions of life as well as to the painting of pictures and the building of temples, &c. This was the lecturer's own view, i. e. that art was any mode of giving outward existence to our ideas, purely for its own sake.

"Art, therefore, was not a mere and formal imitation of nature; nor was it any miraculous inspiration; but it was the product of genius, or of the deepest and most divine life of the soul. The artist, in the exercise of his faculties, had no object before him but the simple expression of his own inward life. He was not a philosopher or a dogmatist, one who taught principles of conduct or enforced creeds. The teachings of Art were always incidental, not deliberate, and of malice aforethought. Whenever Art had been ambitious to be a preacher it had degenerated, while its palmy days related back to those times when artists trusted solely to their own instincts and feelings of beauty. These views were dwelt upon at considerable length.

"It was most especially denied that true Art ever had or could have any conscious moral purpose. Morality itself was not one of the great ends of life, and could not therefore be the end of art. Morality proceeded upon the ground that the antagonisms of good and evil were everlasting, while Art reconciled those antagonisms in its own free, independent, and infinite activity. It was this fact—that Art represented the truest and highest life of man—which had given it all its significance in the past, and all its promise for the future. The freedom, the repose, the inexhaustible fulness, and the self-contenting delight of the poet or the painter, in his function, was a prophecy of what Life would yet be in all its methods and relations. With an invocation that God would quicken the coming of that time, the lecturer concluded."

The lecture was well attended, and received with frequent applause. Prof. Duggan follows next in the course.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE.

M. MARETZK's benefit, and the production of Semiramide, formed the principal occasion of interest in the musical annals of last week. The house was crowded in every part, and we are happy to find yielded substantial results. Signorina Parodi was of course the Semiramide, and acquitted herself well, singing and acting with all her wonted energy. Signorina Patti made an excellent Arsace, though the music was almost too low for her voice, which has more the compass of a mezzo soprano than of a contralto. There was not so much care in the *mise en scène* as this opera deserved and required; consequently the fine points in the music frequently failed for want of harmony in the externals. It was better sung on the Friday evening, when Signorina Parodi took her benefit; on which evening, also, the house was well attended. The performance, however, was somewhat disturbed by the non-appearance of Signor Novelli, whose place was kindly and carefully filled by Signor Giubalini. One

continually reminded by these artistic quarrels and disputes, that the cultivation of art does not seem to have much direct effect in elevating the tone of mind of its votaries; it may however be urged that, as the world goes at present, too many other influences are at work to allow of a fair judgment.

The next event of interest will probably be the appearance of a lady well known in New York circles, who, under the name of Signorina Bozzi, is about to undertake the career of a public vocalist. The contralto part in Mercadante's opera of *Il Giuramento* has been named as that in which the debüt will take place. For the present, however, Signora Truffi Benedetti appears in Ernani.

The Quartette evenings of M. J. Eisfeld, which commenced last Saturday, at Hope Chapel, should be welcomed by all lovers of good chamber music, as opening the way towards the cultivation of a branch of the art almost ignored in this city, except in some few private meetings. The programme was excellent, embracing the best works of the best masters, given by true musicians; and we shall hope to see this undertaking encouraged as it ought to be.

FACTS AND OPINIONS

OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND MOVEMENTS OF THE DAY.

We have received from a correspondent, A. V. W., some additional personal reminiscences, supplementary to the notice of the eminent ornithologist, Audubon, in our paper of the 8th inst.:—"Audubon states that he was forty-five years old before he was aware of being more than an ordinary man. He then fell in, at Philadelphia, with Charles Bonaparte, who said to him—'Do you know, Mr. Audubon, that you are a very great man?' To which he replied that he did not, and asked what he meant? 'I consider you the greatest ornithologist in the world,' was the answer. Bonaparte then took him in his carriage to the Lyceum of Natural History, and formally introduced him by a most complimentary speech. He was subsequently proposed as a member of that body, and rejected. He asked Chas. Bonaparte next day what it meant; he replied: 'Oh, you know too much for them, they are afraid of you, and want to break you down. You must take your drawings to Europe.' Following this advice, Audubon was received with the greatest kindness, and was entertained by the noble and learned with every attention. He was also made a member of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh. He says, when he returned to America, the Philadelphia Society, which had formerly refused to admit him as a member, immediately forwarded him a diploma, with a highly complimentary letter. The difficulties he had to contend with were very great, and of various kinds; but, to use his own words, 'I made up my mind to meet them, and by strong effort overcome them.' He told me that to publish his great work cost him one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, which he earned as he went along. In England he was constantly applied to, to write short articles for the periodicals. Frequently, after painting all day, he would sit down at night and write a page or two, for which next day he would receive eight or ten guineas. I once asked him how he acquired his facility of composition. He said he supposed it came from keeping a regular journal, which he had done from the age of seventeen years, putting down all the occurrences of the day, with whatever observations he thought proper. It was thus he thought a man should educate himself. Look at facts and truths for yourself, he would say, meditate and reason thence."

We find in the newspapers before us two characteristic notices of the Rev. Dr. Hawks; the first from the Washington Correspondent of the Baptist Recorder, on occasion of a sermon on the Union,

preached in the Hall of the House of Representatives:—"To our surprise and delight we were to listen to this eloquent churchman. And while we confess that throughout the first half of the discourse we were at a loss to discover anything particularly pertinent to the passage of Scripture announced as the text, or appropriate as the message of 'a dying man to dying men,' the closing half completely obliterated the seeming defects of all that went before, and applied with earnestness and power that which had before appeared useless and untimely, until all were subdued into a spirit becoming alike the place and the sacred day. The sermon was designed to show the social and religious benefits of perpetuating the 'Union,' and the great sin of agitating its dissolution. The appeals to the audience as men, as patriots, and as Christians, were made with such impressive solemnity and earnestness, that few could resist their power. A large number of members of Congress were present, for some of whom we felt our respect rapidly rising, as we saw the tears running fast and large down their cheeks. After the sermon, Gen. Sumner—impelled to some extent, we suppose, by parliamentary usages in the Capital—arose, and moved that a copy of the sermon be requested for publication."

The second is a letter to Jenny Lind, which has found its way, evidently without the intention of its writer, into the New Orleans papers. It is a deserved recognition of the part this lady has borne in alleviating the ills of sickness and poverty, and comes with peculiar force from one whose own happiness is to minister to their sorrows:—

"NEW YORK, Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1851.

"DEAR AND GOOD LADY: I hope you have not forgotten a clergyman who was introduced to you by Mr. Cromwell, and who now writes you this note. You have been exposed to great danger at sea, and I cannot but express my thankfulness to God for your preservation.

"Gifted with extraordinary powers as you are, there is something about you more beautiful to me than even your acknowledged talent: it is in the generous sensibility of heart which prompts you, with such unequalled disinterestedness and devotion, to consecrate God's gifts to the benefit of your fellow creatures. In respecting and loving you, the world is but rendering to purity of heart and goodness the homage extorted from even its selfish wickedness. I thank God, therefore, for your preservation, for I would not have the world lose your example. You will not, I am sure, be displeased with an old clergyman for saying, cherish as you have done the unaffected *humility* which adds fresh lustre to your extraordinary endowments. To be good is better than to be great.

"Then, when at last death, by taking you, shall prove that he is not *Mind* only, but *deaf* also, you will, I trust and believe, be transferred to a world where you may learn new songs from holy angels.

"That God may bless and keep you safely, dear and good lady, is the prayer of your friend,

"FRANCIS L. HAWES.

"Mademoiselle Jenny Lind."

The *Athenaeum*, in an article on Atlantic steam-
ing, says, "Thus far the shuttle of Manchester
beats the shuttle of Lowell; hitherto the steam
vessel of Liverpool has outsped that of New York.
But the forces are so nearly matched as to lend all
the charm of an uncertain issue to the struggle.
Especially is this the case with the ocean steamers.
In river, lake, and coast navigation, America has
long carried away the palm of victory. The boats
on the Rhine, the Elbe, the Clyde, the Thames, and
the Scheldt, are not for a moment to be compared
with the 'floating palaces' on the Hudson, the
Delaware, and the Potomac, either for rate of sail-
ing or for magnificence of fitting up. We have
been credibly told of vessels steaming down the
Mississippi at the rate of twenty-five miles an
hour." But, in ocean navigation, longer practice
and equal enterprise still keep us slightly ahead of
our energetic descendants. We are proud of our
rivals, as they are proud of our rivalry. To the
general reader at home it is next to impossible
to convey an adequate idea of the interest which the
contests between the English and American mails
excite in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.
Each run is carefully noted and compared, fears
are excited, hopes raised by every voyage, and
half-a-dozen hours in the length of a trip of three
thousand miles is thought a considerable variation.
* * * The prize is a great one. The fleetest
vessels must carry out letters, orders, news, govern-

ment dispatches; and, having the prestige of scientific excellence and success, will generally command a choice of the passenger traffic. In this rivalry the Americans possess a great advantage over us in being less fettered in their action by government jobbing and monopoly."

Mr. Downing, in the February number of the *Horticulturist*, entertains us with a magnificent picture of the estate of the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey—the home of three centuries—the thirty thousand acres of land—the single park of three thousand acres—the quadrangular pile—the suite of rooms—the library of 20,000 volumes—the botanical treasures—the farming—the \$350,000 expended within five years on model farm cottages, &c.—exhibiting the grandeur of feudal times with the greater utilities of the nineteenth century. To this out-of-door picture by our countryman we have to add an indoor view in an account of the recent New Year hospitalities, furnished to us by the *London Daily News*:—"On the night of New Year's Day the Queen's Drawing-room, so called from her Majesty having occupied that saloon on her visit to Woburn Abbey, the first royal visit after her marriage with the Prince Consort, was thrown open for the reception of a brilliant circle to witness a magnificent charade. The annexed is a copy of the programme:—*A Charade in Three Scenes*:—Scene First: A fair, with brilliant and beautiful stalls, people of all nations buying and selling; amongst others, a Jew, who deals the hardest bargains to every one, and makes himself very prominent throughout the whole scene. Scene Second: The fair is nearly over, when two wandering maidens from a foreign land stop to buy some ribbon at Mrs. Measure's stall. As they are going away from the stall, after having concluded their purchase, Mrs. Measure charges one of them with stealing several ells of ribbon. This they deny, sing a duet from *Gazza Ladra*, descriptive of their sufferings under a false accusation; but, Mrs. Measure being obstinate, they are delivered over to the constable. Just as he is taking them away, however, the ribbon is discovered. Tableau; scene closes. Scene Third: The populace, determined to show their satisfaction at the innocence of the poor girl who was charged with the theft, determined to form a procession to a noble and kind lady. The procession is received very graciously; the innocent maiden is crowned with a crown of amethyst, and the Christmas Tree of the Duchess of Bedford is revealed sparkling with jewels. 'God save the Queen' was played at the termination of the charade. It was arranged that there should be another grand gathering at the Woburn Abbey Theatre, to close the season, and Friday week was the night fixed; but owing to the sudden illness of Mr. Odo Russell, the Duke of Bedford's nephew, whilst rehearsing in the first piece intended to be performed, it was postponed until Saturday night. On the evening the theatre was opened. The performances were under the patronage of Lord Elphinstone. The Right Hon. Baron Parke, casting aside the grave habiliments of his judicial rank, condescended to fill the position of prompter. Mr. Arthur Russell was the stage-manager. The performances commenced with the play, in three acts, entitled *The Youthful Queen; or, Christine of Sweden*. The play passed off admirably. At the fall of the curtain the audience manifested their pleasure by loud plaudits. It was followed by the farce of *No!* The acting of Mr. Stafford, the Hon. Mrs. Villiers, Lady G. Romilly, and Mr. Lyons was excellent; and Lord and Lady Alexander Russell, Mr. Bulleel, and Mr. Seymour, sustained their respective parts very creditably. A 'very short' epilogue was spoken by Mr. Augustus Stafford, M.P., which having been warmly applauded, the amusements terminated with the national anthem."

M. Soyer has addressed the following brief note to a London journal:—"Sir,—Unknown to me a paragraph having lately appeared in the London and country press, in which it was mentioned that I had taken Gore-house, the residence of the late Lady Blessington, in anticipation of 'making an

hotel of the house; and opening the grounds in the style of Cremorne, I beg to state, Mr. Editor, that such never was my intention, the announcement being altogether premature, having only taken possession of that property on Wednesday last, the 1st of January, 1851. It will be my study to devote this establishment entirely for the display of the gastronomic art, where I am now making preparations to accommodate thousands daily at my Symposium of all Nations. With the highest consideration, I have the honor to remain, &c., A. SOYER, Gore-house, Kensington-road, January 4, 1851."

VARIETIES.

FOR THE LITERARY WORLD, FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

THE word *singular*, originally applied to that of which there is no other, gradually came to mean extraordinary only, and "rather singular," "very singular indeed," and such like phrases ceased to shock the ear. To supply the vacancy occasioned by this corruption, the word *unique* was introduced; which, I am horror-struck to see, is beginning to follow its predecessor. The Vauxhall bills lately declared Vauxhall to be the "most unique place of amusement in the world." Can anything be done to check this ill-fated word in its career? and, if not, what must we look to for a successor?—*Notes and Queries.*

The subjoined gem is attributed to one of those broad-backed packhorses of literature, "an editor out west."—"The undersigned retires from the editorial chair with complete conviction that all is vanity. From the hour he started his paper to the present time he has been solicited to lie upon every given subject, and can't remember ever having told a wholesome truth without diminishing his subscription list or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, and having a thorough contempt for himself, he retires in order to recruit his moral constitution."

SCOTCH CATECHISM.—Pedagogue.—What was Goliah?

Boy.—The muckle giant whom David slew with a sling and a stone.

P.—What was David?

B.—The son of Jesse.

P.—That's a bra' man! And noo, wha was Jesse?

B.—The flower of Dunblane!

"Do you drink *hale* in America?" asked a Cockney. "No! we drink *thunder and lightning*," said the Yankee.

A woman, charged with being drunk and disorderly, denied the latter offence, saying that "she was too drunk to be disorderly."

A READY WRITER.—"You labor too hard on your composition, doctor," said a flippant clergyman to a venerable divine, "I write a sermon in three hours, and make nothing of it." "So your congregation says," quoth the doctor.

WILFUL WASTE.—An American paper mentions the case of a woman who is so large round the waist that her husband can't hug her all at once, but when he takes one hug he makes a chalk mark, so as to know where to commence the next time, and thus goes round.

HORRIBLE.—What is the difference between a stubborn horse and a postage stamp? You lick one with a stick, and stick the other with a lick!

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—A country schoolmaster one day announced to his pupils that an examination would soon take place. "If you are examined in geography," said he, "you will surely be asked of what shape is the earth; and if you should not remember, just look at me and I will show you my snuff-box, to remind you that it is round." Unfortunately, the schoolmaster had two snuff-boxes: a round one, which he only used on Sunday, and a square one which he carried during the week. The fatal day having arrived, the class in geography was duly called out, and the question

asked, "What is the shape of the earth?" The first boy, appalled at the imposing appearance of the Examining Committee, felt embarrassed, and glanced at the *mayster*, who at once pointed at his snuff-box. "Sir," boldly answered the boy, "it is round on Sunday, and square all other days in the week."

THE TWO NAPOLEONS.—Fonblanque, in "The Examiner," says:

"There is little difference between the uncle and the nephew—one gained the hearts of the army by his *Campaign*, and the other by his *Champagne*; for Napoleon's *battles*, Louis substitutes *bottles*."

TEMPERANCE.—"Elder, will you have a drink of cider?" inquired a farmer of an old temperance man, who was spending an evening at his house.

"Ah—hum—no, thank ye," said the old man, "I never drink any liquor of any kind—specially cider—but if you'll call it *apple juice*, I reckon I'll take a drop!"

When a certain bankrupt crossed the channel to avoid his creditors, George Selwyn remarked, it was a *pass-over* which would not be relished by the Jews.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A LITTLE CARPET BAG.—Among the most common of street sights is that of a gentleman hurrying along towards railway or river, bearing with him a little carpet bag. So common is it that it fails to attract the slightest attention. A little carpet bag is no more noted than an umbrella or a walking stick in a man's hand; and yet, when rightly viewed, it is, to our thinking, an object of no ordinary interest. We feel no envy for the man on whom has devolved the charge of a heap of luggage. The anxiety attending such property outweighs the pleasure of its possession. But a man with a little carpet bag is one in ten thousand. He is perhaps the most perfect type of independence extant. He can snap his fingers in the face of Highland porter extortionate. No trotting urchin is idle enough to solicit the carrying of so slight a burden. While other passengers, by coach or railway, are looking after their trunks and trappings, he enters, and has the best seat. He and his "little all" never part company. On arriving at their destination, they are off with the jaunty swagger of unencumbered bachelorhood. In contemplating a gentleman with a carpet bag we are struck, to a certain extent, with an idea of disproportion; but the balance is all on the easy side. There is far too little to constitute a burden, and yet there is enough to indicate wants attended to and comforts supplied. No man with a little carpet bag in hand has his last shirt on his back. Neither is it probable that his beard can suffer from slovenly overgrowth. When he retires to rest at night, the presumption is, that it will be in the midst of comfortable and cosy night gear. A little carpet bag is almost always indicative of a short and pleasurable excursion. No painful ideas of stormy seas or dreadful accidents on far-off railway lines are suggested by it. Distance is sometimes poetically measured by "a small bird's flutter," or "two smokes of a pipe," or some such shadowy, though not altogether indefinite phrase. Why may not time, in like manner, be measured by two shirts? A gentleman with a little carpet bag may be said to contemplate about a couple of shirts' absence from home.—*Glasgow Citizen.*

P. P. says that the difference between the "dress of a servant" and a "Journal" is, that one is a livery and the other a diary.

MUSICAL TASTE IN TURKEY.—We remember reading, in the work of some modern traveller, the following amusing anecdote:—The band of an English Ambassador at Constantinople were performing a grand concert for the entertainment—pity not for the enlightenment—of the august Sultan and his court. At its conclusion he was requested to say which of the pieces he preferred. He replied, "the first," which was accordingly recommenced, but stopped incontinently as not being the correct one. Others were tried with as little success, until at last the orchestra, almost in

despair of discovering the favorite air, began tuning their instruments, when his highness exclaimed instantly, with every manifestation of his delight, "*Inshallah!* heaven be praised, that is it!"

A FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID.—A fair and happy milkmaid is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for, though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and condition: nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises, therefore, with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glore or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labor, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in choosing her garments counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and the beehive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she; and all her care is she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.—*Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters.*

A TEST OF WITCRAFT.—Among the many tests applied for the discovery of witchcraft was the following. It is, I believe, a singular instance, and but little known to the public. It was resorted to as recently as 1759, and may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that year:—"One *Susannah Hannokes*, an elderly woman of Wigglesworth, near Aylesbury, was accused by a neighbor for bewitching her spinning-wheel, so that she could not make it go round, and she offered to make oath of it before a magistrate; on which the husband, to justify his wife, insisted upon her being tried by the Church Bible, and that the accused should be present. Accordingly she was conducted to the parish church, where she was stripped of all her clothes to her shift and undercoat, and weighed against the Bible, when, to the no small mortification of her accuser, she outweighed it, and was honorably acquitted of the charge."

TO TOBACCO.

The modern censors of this land
Would fain thy throne demolish—
A love for thee most harshly brand,
As showing want of polish.

They cry, "Avaunt! thou drowsy curse
The devil's own production;
Foul artificial want—the nurse
Of ruin and destruction!"

"By thee the body's strength is slain,
The soul in dreams benighted—

Impaired the vigor of the brain,
Youth's blooming promise blighted!"

Yet, darling weed, I love thee still,
Spite those who thus indict thee:
With thee my Celtic piob fill,
And with their strictures light thee!

'Tis thy abuse the charge deserves,
And not thy wise employment,
To tranquillize the trembling nerves,
And add to man's enjoyment.

What glorious thoughts flit through the mind,
Refreshed by thy soft magic!
Whilst the frail heart to grief inclined,
Is freed from musings tragic.

I'd wager my beloved *dhudeen*,
That many of these preachers
Take oft a "whiff" to cure their spleen,
And make them better teachers!

Then, great Tobacco, grow in fame,
And never be upbraided,
Unless through foul excess thy name
To poison be degraded!

G. M. R.

If you want to understand a subject, hear a man speak of it whose business it is. If you want to understand the man, hear him speak of something else.—*Crystals from a Cavern.*

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

To Readers and Correspondents.—We thank a "Subscriber" at Northampton for the copy of the poem from Schreiber, by a Lady, which we do not print, having recently given another version of it. "The Coquette" and the "Dying Child" have the right feeling in them, and good promise waiting the artistic development of the writer. "Hemera," "Song of the Flower Girl," respectfully declined. The "Extempore Epitaph" is misapplied. We have another paper on this subject from a Poet, "Contents of In Memoriam" which we shall find room for immediately.

ANNOUNCEMENTS, ETC.

MR. REDFIELD has in press, the three series of a charming work, "Episodes of Insect Life: By Acheta Domestica," devoted respectively to the Insects of Spring, Summer, and Autumn. The book is freely spiced with fanciful illustration, story, and anecdote, and ranges in the peculiar interest it excites with famous works like Sir Humphrey Davy's "Salmonia" and "White's Selborne."

A CIRCULAR announces "A Natural History of the Human Race: a Quaint, Quizzical, and Satirical Work, from Original Designs by HENRY L. STEPHENS of Philadelphia," in eight numbers, each number to contain five colored plates, with letter-press, &c. S. ROBINSON is the Publisher, 9 Sanson Street, Philadelphia, and issues the first number on the 1st of March.

MR. J. W. MOORE, Philadelphia, has just issued "The Theory of Effect; embracing the Contrast of Light and Shade, of Color and Harmony; with fifteen illustrations by Hineckley." A valuable work for the amateur and the artist.

Among the announcements by Philadelphia publishers, we notice the following works, soon to be issued by Henry Carey Baird:—Miss Leslie's Complete Cookery, 38th edition, thoroughly revised (now ready). In preparation, the following volumes:—"Practical Series"—The American Miller and Millwright's Assistant, by Wm. Carter Hughes. The Flower, Fruit, and Kitchen Garden, by Patrick Neill; thoroughly revised, and adapted to the United States, by a Practical Horticulturist. The Modern Dairy and Cow-keeper. The Practical Mechanic's Workshop Companion. The Turner's Companion, illustrated by numerous engravings. The Tanner's Key. Templeton on the Steam Engine.

E. H. BUTLER & CO., of Philadelphia, announce The Proverbialist and the Poet; or, Spare Minutes

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A. HART, Philadelphia, publishes this week:—McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary. Two vols. with Tariff and all late improvements.

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Nobody's Son; or, the Adventures of Percival Maberry.

Mississippi Scenes; or, Southern Life and Adventure. By J. Cobb.

Leigh Hunt's Essays and Miscellanies.

Buist's American Flower Garden Directory. 4th edition.

The "Household Words" is announced as beginning a new serial, under the title of "A Child's History of England," to be continued at regular intervals, till completed; we suppose from the pen of the editor.

MR. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our General Travelling Agent for the Western States, assisted by J. R. SMITH, J. T. DENT, JASON TAYLOR, J. W. ARMSTRONG, PERRIN LOCKE, W. RAMSAY, Dr. JOSHUA WADSWORTH, ALEXANDER R. LAWS, A. J. SMILEY.

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NEW PUBLICATION FROM THE OFFICE OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

WE have to announce to our friends and the public that the property of Holden's Dollar Magazine having passed into our hands, we shall henceforth issue that publication under the title of THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE. The first number under the new management will be the April number, which will be issued in advance early in March. It will embrace many important improvements, and will include the essential features of the best five dollar magazines. It will be conducted with the best resources for Novelty and Entertainment which we can bring into its service. Ample provision has been made for its support in Series of new and attractive engravings, popular tales of home and foreign life—poems—sketches—new illustrations of American trade and commerce—the presentation of choice literature in every form, and the Miscellany of the Day, in a novel and agreeable manner. We shall make an announcement of the contents of our first number in the next Literary

World. In the meantime we ask the attention of our readers to this general announcement, and frankly call for the support of the subscribers and readers of the Literary World to an undertaking which will carry out—in numerous ways—the best spirit of this journal in the novel and original devices of a popular magazine.

The Dollar Magazine and the Literary World will both be published from the same office, which is now removed from our old quarters in Broadway to more convenient and larger accommodations at 109 Nassau street, where all communications for either periodical are henceforth to be addressed.

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The low price at which this Magazine is published renders it impossible to issue it on any other than strictly the cash plan. No name will be entered on the subscription book or copies forwarded until the amount of subscription is received.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

BORROW'S LAVENGRO.

THE announcement by Messrs. Harper & Brothers of a rival edition of Borrow's new work, compels me, in justice to all concerned, to make a public protest against the proceeding as being, with reference either to usage or to equity, wholly unjustifiable.

If this was merely a selfish opinion, or if the case was one within the ordinary rivalries of the Trade, the encroachment would have been submitted to in silence. It is with great reluctance that this statement is published; and that any cause should exist for controversy with the distinguished publishers referred to, I most heartily regret.

The gist of the matter is given in the letters below; and I publish them so that the case may be fairly stated on both sides.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers:

DEAR SIRS,—I have observed that you have again announced that you shall reprint Borrow's "Lavengro." Considering that my arrangements with Mr. Murray to republish this work from an early copy were made so long ago as November, 1848 (the proposition originating with him), and that at least one of your house was aware of that fact, I have been unwilling to suppose that you really intended to republish another edition. If there is any good reason why the ordinary usage of the trade should be departed from in this instance, may I ask you to be good enough to mention it?

I am not aware that I have given you any cause for complaint. I have carefully avoided all interference with your publishing arrangements, and have not even sought or proposed for a single English book for republication for two years past; while I have declined several proposals made to me for such reprints from early copies.

If there be, nevertheless, any good reasons why it is right and proper, according to equity and

usage, for you to reprint Borrow's work in rivalry to my edition (which will be reprinted from an early copy obtained at very considerable cost), I should feel greatly obliged if you would let me know what that reason is.

I am, dear Sirs,
Very truly yours,
(Signed) GEO. P. PUTNAM.

No. 82 Cliff street,
January 30, 1851.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your favor received last evening (but without date), and as a reason why we shall publish "Lavengro," we beg to say: That you have without cause reprinted two of our publications upon us.

There is still another reason, but as the above is deemed quite sufficient, it is unnecessary to give it at present, especially as we have reason to know that you have for some time been familiar with our complaints, and with our intentions to defend our invaded rights.

With these views, we must say that your motive in addressing to us the apparently friendly note referred to is beyond our comprehension.

We are, dear sir, yours respectfully,
(Signed) HARPER & BROTHERS.

155 Broadway, January 30, 1851.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers:

DEAR SIR:—I have your note of this evening. It is true that in accordance with the special request of a personal friend of Miss Bremer, I have printed library editions of two of her works, the profits of which were to be divided with the author: an undertaking which seemed to be an appropriate compliment to that lady, on the occasion of her visit to this country. But that this was an infringement in the slightest degree of your rights, either legal or according to usage, I never for one moment supposed. In the first place, there had been at least two other editions of these works besides yours;—and secondly, my book published at a dollar, can hardly be deemed a rival to yours, which had been published for years, in thousands, at one shilling.

I can truly say that in acceding to this proposal on behalf of Miss Bremer, I did not consider there was the slightest interference with yours and other cheap editions, so long in the market—and it never occurred to me that for my part in this matter you had the smallest ground for complaint.

This, and this only, can be the foundation of your charge that I have "reprinted two of your publications."

You say that there is another reason, but omit to give it, as you "have reason to know that I have been some time familiar with your intention to defend your invaded rights."

I know of no other reason, unless it be that you make objection to the mode in which my arrangement was made with Mr. Murray.

Now I may take a wrong view of the subject; but it appears to me that so long as the fact remains that I pay for an early copy of the book, and for the express authority to reprint it, the particular mode or amount of the payment can be of no concern to anybody else.

I cannot admit that I am familiar with your complaints. On the contrary; although I have been told, in general terms, that you felt aggrieved in some way, I have dismissed such remarks as idle, knowing that I have not consciously given you any cause for complaint; but on the contrary have felt a right to claim your confidence, courtesy, and good will, and have never dreamed of meddling with your business arrangements in any way which could be deemed objectionable.

Your last remark, that "my apparently friendly note is beyond your comprehension," seems to me quite uncalled for. I wrote in good faith, to ask simply whether you really intended to reprint Borrow after knowing the circumstances; and secondly, if you did, why? Surely it was not amiss that I should wish to know the nature of your complaints, if you had any. I must repeat that as yet I know of no good or just cause for your charge that I have

invaded your rights. I should be truly sorry to find that you had just cause for complaint against me, for I have ever felt a friendly deference to your house, and have neither the means nor the disposition to enter into rivalry with it.

In this case, if you persist in your intention, I shall certainly feel unjustly aggrieved, and may deem it proper to state the case, publicly, as it stands.

(Signed) GEO. P. PUTNAM.

To this letter no answer has been received.

It may be further remarked—and I think the Trade who are best able to judge will corroborate the assertion—that, setting aside the author's sanction to, and interest in the works above mentioned (Miss Bremer's), the Messrs. Harper well knew that their cheap edition was benefited rather than injured by the more expensive one; and that they had really no shadow of excuse for the present proceeding.

GEO. P. PUTNAM.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE 8TH TO THE 22D OF FEBRUARY.

- Adams (John).—Works, with a Life of the Author, Notes, and Illustrations. By C. F. Adams. Vol. 2, 8vo. pp. 542 (Boston, Little & Brown.)
- Beth (W., LL.D.).—The Causes of the Prosperity of New York. An Anniversary Address to the St. Nicholas Society. 8vo. pp. 28 (Stanford & Swords.)
- Boardman (H. A.).—The American Union: A Discourse delivered on Thursday, December 12, 1850, by Henry A. Boardman, D.D. Fifth thousand. 8vo. (Philadelphia, Lippincott, Grambo & Co.)
- Berg (J. F., D.D.).—The Jesuits, a Lecture, Dec. 23, 1850, in the Musical Fund Hall. 8vo. pp. 16 (Philadelphia, E. S. Jones & Co.)
- Borrow (George).—Lavengro. The Scholar—The Gipsy—The Priest. Being an Autobiography of himself. Thick 12mo. pp. 350 (George P. Putnam.)
- Buist (Robert).—American Flower Garden Directory for every month in the year—comprising Plans of Hot and Green Houses, Culture of Grape Vine, &c. 4th edition. 12mo. pp. 330 (A. Hart.)
- Cobb (Joseph).—Mississippi Scenes; or, Sketches of Southern Life and Adventure. 12mo. pp. 250 (A. Hart.)
- Cruikshank (George).—The Toothache: a Series of 44 Humorous Sketches. Descriptions by Horace Mayhew. 18mo. colored (Sinclair & Co.)
- Dictionary of Mechanics, &c. No. 23 (Appleton & Co.)
- 30th Annual Report of New York Mercantile Library Association. 8vo. pp. 32 (Published by the Society.)
- Flagg (J. F. B., M.D.).—Ether and Chloroform. 12mo. pp. 179 (Phila., Lindsay & Blackiston.)
- Guide to the American in London and Paris, for 1851. 18mo. pp. 36 (J. P. Whitney.)
- Grote (George).—History of Greece—Legendary and Historical. Vol. 2, 12mo. pp. 466 (J. P. Jewett & Co.)
- Hildreth (R.).—The History of the United States of America. Vol. 4. The Administration of Washington. 8vo. (Harper & Brothers.)
- Horne (S. S.).—On Extracting Teeth. 12mo. pp. 76 (Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blackiston.)
- Hunt (Leigh).—Essays and Miscellanies. 12mo. pp. 258 (Phila., A. Hart.)
- Keightley (T.).—Outlines of Universal History. Revised, illust. 12mo. pp. 540 (Phila., Logan & Thompson.)
- Krebs (J. M., D.D.).—The American Citizen; a Discourse. 8vo. pp. 40 (Charles Scribner.)
- Kraitschmidt (Dr. J. H.).—A School Dictionary of the Latin Language. Two Parts. 1—Latin-English. 12mo. (Phila., Lea & Blanchard.)
- Kingsford (W.).—History, Structure, and Statistics of Plank Roads in the United States and Canada. 8vo. pp. 40 (Phila., A. Hart.)
- Trapezium; or, Law and Liberty versus Despotism and Anarchy. 8vo. pp. 16 (Phila., E. S. Jones & Co.)
- Love and Ambition; a Novel. By the Author of "Rockingham." 8vo. pp. 160 (Long & Bro.)
- Lathrop (Rev. E.).—Cities, in their Relation to the World's Evangelization; a Discourse. 8vo. pp. 33 (L. Colby.)
- Lee (Mary E.).—Poetical Remains; with a Biographical Memoir. By S. Gilman, DD. 12mo. pp. 224 (Charleston, S. C., Walker & Richards.)
- Lyell (Sir Charles).—A Manual of Elementary Geology. 3d and entirely revised edition, 500 woodcuts. 8vo. pp. 512 (London, John Murray—Boston, Little & Brown.)
- Malleville: a Franco-German Story. By the Author of the Rollo Books. 12mo. pp. 219 (Harper & Bro.)
- Mackay (E.).—Extraordinary Popular Delusions. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 768 (Phila., Lindsay & Blackiston.)
- Morgan (L. H.).—League of the "Ho-de-nu sau nee," or Iroquois. By Lewis H. Morgan. 8vo. pp. 477 (Rochester, Sage & Brother—New York, Mark H. Newman & Co.)
- Nobody's Son; or, the Life and Adventures of Percival Mayberry. Written by Himself. 12mo. pp. 235 (Phila., A. Hart.)
- Putz (W.).—Manual of Modern Geography and History. 12mo. pp. 336 (D. Appleton & Co.)

- Quackenbush (G. P.).—First Lessons in Composition. 12mo. pp. 182 (D. Appleton & Co.)
- Shakespeare (W.).—Dramatic Works; with Life and Notes. 4 vols. 8vo. pp. 742, 726, 654, 704. (Philadelphia, Hogan & Thompson.)
- Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man, with beautiful woodcuts. 4to. pp. 90. (London, John Van Vorst; Boston, Little & Brown.)
- Smith (J. P.).—Stanfield Hall: an Historical Romance. Two Parts. 8vo. pp. 224. Numerous illustrations. (W. J. Burgess.)
- Stephens (H.).—The Farmer's Guide, No. XIV. (Scott & Co.)
- Speech of Mr. Ewing, of Ohio, on Mr. Bradbury's Resolutions, delivered in the Senate, Jan. 7, 1851. 8vo. pp. 30. (Washington, C. Gideon & Co.)
- Taylor (Charles B., M.A.).—The Angel's Song: a Christmas Token. 12mo. pp. 209. (Stanford & Swords.)
- The Dove and the Eagle: a Poem. 12mo. pp. 27 (Ticknor, Reed & Fields.)
- The New Dido. No. II. 24mo. (Henry Kernot.)
- Introductory to the First Report of the Bureau of Statistics to the Legislature of the State of Louisiana, Jan. 1, 1850. 8vo. pp. 36.
- Message of the Governor of the State of Illinois to the 17th General Assembly, convened Jan. 6, 1851. 8vo. pp. 22. (Springfield, 1851.)
- Watson (H. C.).—Camp Fires of the Revolution; or the War of Independence, illustrated by Thrilling Events and Stories by the old Continental Soldiers. Illustrated by Croome. 8vo. pp. 447. (Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blackiston.)
- Waterman (T. W.).—The American Chancery Digest; being an Analytical Digested Index of all the Reported Decisions in Equity of the U. S. Courts and Courts of the several States. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 562, 710, 673. (Banks, Gould & Co.)
- Watts (Isaac, D.D.).—Divine and Moral Songs for Children. 30 illustrations by Cope & Thompson. 8vo. pp. 34. (London, John Van Vorst; Boston, Little & Brown.)
- Westminster Review (The).—No. 107. Jan. 1851. (Scott & Co.)

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